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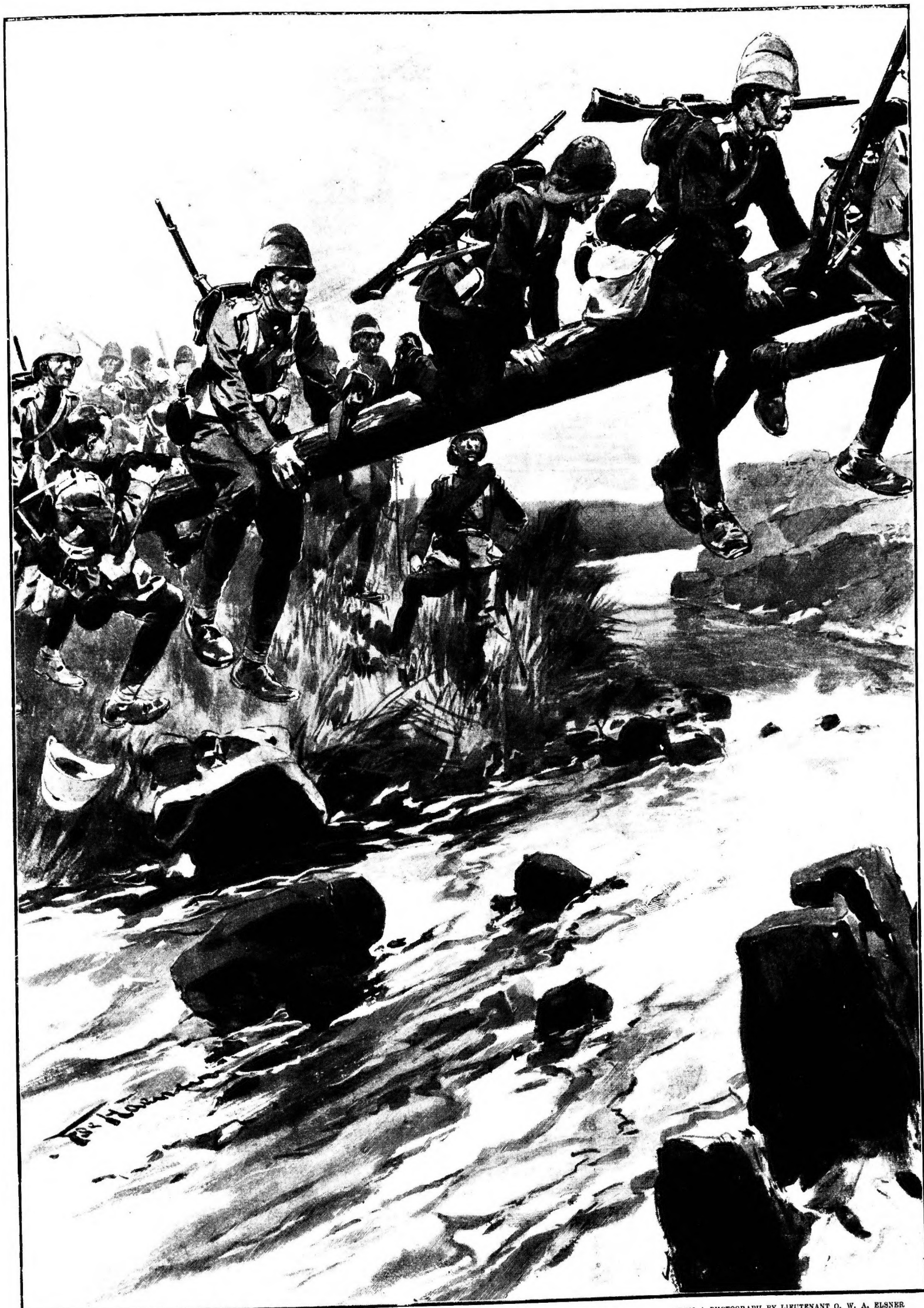
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1900

WITH EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT
"The Graphic Parliamentary Map"

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT O. W. A. ELSNER

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

A Correspondent writes:—"This photograph shows the Grenadiers avoiding wet feet by crossing a spruit in a very comical manner. Several companies of Scots and Coldstream Guards followed in similar fashion"

ON THE ROAD TO MIDDLEBURG: HOW THE GUARDS CROSSED A SPRUIT

Topics of the Week

The Late Mr. W. L. Thomas, R.I. For more than thirty years Mr. Thomas has devoted the most untiring energy to the interests of this journal, and when, ten years ago, he organised the *Daily Graphic*, he spared neither time nor labour until he had made the new venture as complete a success as he had made *The Graphic*. As is told in another column, Mr. Thomas was a man of an exceptional combination of talents. An artist in every sense of the word, a keen literary critic, a thorough business man, a shrewd judge of men and character, he combined all the qualities necessary for bringing *The Graphic* and *Daily Graphic* to the high standard to which they have attained. Not that Mr. Thomas confined his energies alone to journalism, as his work with reference to the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, the Society of Arts, and other institutions with which he was connected bears ample witness. His loss will be keenly felt not only by the staff of this journal, but in many other directions, and all the more so from his intrinsic kindness of heart, which never failed to respond to the call of deserving charity, for his purse and counsel were ever open to those who had suffered a reverse of fortune. All who knew Mr. Thomas must feel that in him they have lost not only a man of the most brilliant attainments but a true friend.

The Government Victory FOR the first time since the Reform Bill a Conservative Administration has received two successive leases of power. The historian will recognise in this fact a phenomenon of considerable significance in the evolution of English politics. This significance is, as we pointed out last week, not quite so simple as a great many people imagine. It is not limited to the narrow issue of the South African Settlement, over which the chief polemics of the General Election have raged. That the result of the Election is to approve the policy of the Government in South Africa is beyond question. The eccentric argument put forward in certain quarters that, because the Unionist majority of 1895 has not been sensibly increased the South African policy of the Government has not been approved, is the merest moonshine. The comparison with 1895 has absolutely nothing to do with the question, and this must be clear to everybody, when it is remembered that the election of that year was fought on the Irish Question, whereas now that question is dead and buried, and the country is consequently free to decide on its attitude towards the Government without bias of any kind. To pretend that the Government should have increased the majority it enjoyed at the time of the dissolution in order to be able to boast of the favour of the country, is to assume that that majority had already received a mandate from the constituencies on the South African Question. The truth is that a dissolution is *tabula rasa*, and that every election must be judged in the light of the controversies of the moment. From this point of view there can be no doubt as to the meaning of the present pronouncement of the country. It is a pronouncement of confidence in the Unionist cause and in the general policy of the Government. The fact that the Ministerial majority falls short of that which was obtained in 1895 does not in any way diminish the importance of that pronouncement, for the Irish Question which then drove so many Liberals into the Unionist camp had ceased to be a live issue, and consequently many old Gladstonians have now been able to renew their normal allegiance. That in spite of this the Government has obtained a majority larger than it obtained in 1886, when the Home Rule Question was first placed before the constituencies, can only be interpreted as a very decisive victory and an overwhelming mark of the confidence of the nation. The victory of the Government is, however, not alone due to the skilful administration of the affairs of the nation during the last six years. Ever since 1868, when it became clear that Lord Beaconsfield's "education" of the Tories had produced a sort of approximation of political parties which enabled the normal Whiggism of the country to indulge in a change at every dissolution without sacrificing any constitutional principle, there has been an almost unbroken alternation, so far as Great Britain is concerned, of Conservative and

Liberal majorities. This has now been changed. What is the explanation? It will probably be found in the fact that the extreme tendencies of the Opposition are now as antagonistic to the national spirit as was the reactionary tendency of the Tories in 1832. The country, in short, is and has always been Whig, and to-day it is only in the Tory party, educated by Lord Beaconsfield and still further adapted to the democracy by the Liberal Unionists, that it finds a full reflection of its aims and sympathies. Of course, if Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Imperialists could capture the hegemony of the Liberal Party the situation would be changed. The choice would then once again be between Whig Tweedledum and Whig Tweedledee, and the era of alternate leases of power would be re-established.

China WITH the conclusion of the General Election it will now be possible for Lord Salisbury to take the Chinese Question energetically in hand. Already, indeed, some progress has been made by the acceptance of M. Delcassé's proposals as a basis for discussions by the Powers. The proposals have, of course, not been accepted *en bloc*. For reasons which were set forth in these columns last week that was impossible. But they have been sympathetically received, and there can be little doubt that when some of them have been eliminated and others modified in accordance with the reservations already indicated by Lord Salisbury, there will result a programme with which the European Concert will be able to meet the Chinese Plenipotentiaries. The chances of an early peace at the present moment do not look altogether unpromising. Last week it seemed as if the demands of the Powers would have had to be made exceedingly moderate if an acceptance by China was to be relied upon. This is no longer the case. The outbreak of a formidable rebellion in the South, where the Reformers are in arms, cannot but induce the Chinese Government to come to an early settlement with the Powers. With all available troops concentrated in the province of Shensi, the Imperial Government must necessarily regard with alarm an insurrection which, if left to itself, will spread with lightning rapidity. It has far more to fear from this rising than from the Foreign Barbarians, for it is notorious that much dissatisfaction reigns in the Southern and Central provinces, and that if it were to secure a hold on the malcontents the reign of the Manchu would be at an end. With the forces the Government has now mobilised it can easily deal with the rebellion, but it cannot do this and defy the Powers at the same time. Hence, it is very likely to abandon its uncompromising attitude towards the invader, and to seize the first opportunity of accepting the terms offered by the Powers.

The C.I.V.'s Reception THE official arrangements for London's welcome home to the citizen soldiers, who come back decked with well-earned laurels, are now practically finished, and unless the *Aurania* is delayed on her passage, next week will put them to the test. Long as is the line of route from Victoria to St. Paul's Cathedral, it is sure to be densely thronged at every inch. It is just as well, therefore, that Regulars are to be associated with the Volunteer corps which have claimed the right to line the streets. On a certain memorable occasion, some years ago, a big London crowd broke through a cordon of citizen soldiers, mainly through the latter being wholly unaccustomed to such emergencies. With a view to lessen the inevitable pressure in the streets, it has been suggested that the route should be considerably lengthened, thus spreading the multitude over a wider area. But while that would be advantageous from the sightseer's standpoint, it has to be remembered that a good many of the civic heroes are not in the best of health. What between malaria, wounds, and privations, they have had a very hard time of it for the last nine months, and we cannot show truer hospitality than by lessening the strain on their physical strength as far as possible.

The Guerrilla War IT is not wholly inexplicable that some of the Boer rank and file should prefer to continue fighting rather than make surrender. That is not an unnatural preference when the bolder has come into sight for some enormity. But it is unaccountable that De Wet and Louis Botha should persist with hostilities which they must well know can only sacrifice human life. They and their more reputable followers are equally aware that they would be safe to receive honourable treatment if they gave themselves up. Nor would any personal disgrace or even humiliation be entailed by that course; they have done enough and more than enough for honour. Unless, therefore, they speedily make submission, Lord Roberts will be constrained to issue a proclamation of outlawry against all found in arms after a given date. The Commander-in-Chief is naturally reluctant to proceed to that extremity against gallant foes. But when any duty lies before him, plainly marked out, he is the last man to shirk its faithful performance at any cost of personal feeling. The date on which it was rumoured—the 10th inst.—these and other commanders proposed to surrender now lies behind, and they must also know that if they hoped anything from the General Election in this country that chance, slight as it was, has ended.

Danished Members

By H. W. LUCY

BEFORE political parties entered the stricken field there was a movement amongst old members which, unsupported by the dictation of the polls, sufficed to alter the long-familiar aspect of the House of Commons. Full four-score members resolved not to offer themselves for re-election. As advancing years or weariness were reasons for this decision, it naturally follows that some of the best known faces have disappeared. Mr. Goschen kept his secret till Dissolution was proclaimed. To his personal friends the announcement came without surprise. They were aware of the veteran statesman's yearning for release after long toil. Mr. Goschen has always been a fighting man, sometimes under one political banner with equal energy defending the other. But he ever succeeded in escaping that personal resentment among his antagonists which day which pursues at least one of his companions on the political pathway. By his retirement the House of Commons lost an esteemed member and one of the most effective debaters known to it through the last quarter of a century.

A very old member who did not seek re-election is Mr. St. John Hill. Sorely smitten by physical suffering his name has long been absent from public attention. But there are some, even in the new House of Commons, who remember him as a stalwart man, a powerful and effective speaker, with prospect of promotion from the ancient and not exalted office of Counsel to the Admiralty and Judge Advocate of the Fleet conferred upon him by Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Staveley was one of the few members of the last Parliament whose name went back to the historic House of Commons elected in 1868.

Another who, owing to ill-health, retired from the Parliamentary scene amid universal regret is Mr. William Woodall. Popular alike in social and public life there were few men in the House who counted more friends. Mr. Courtney's withdrawal, compulsory rather than voluntary, removes a notable figure from the House. Admiral Field and General Goldsworthy were representative of the services occasionally reminiscent of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's creation. Admiral Field was certainly the best stage admiral that has walked the decks of the House of Commons since the appearance of Sir William Edmonstone, who sat in the last Parliament, and was known as *the* Admiral. Though Sir Henry Howorth does not sit in the new Parliament it would not be surprising to regard his voice as silenced in the Parliamentary arena. Though (using the word in the Parliamentary sense) dead, he will doubtless be yet found speaking in the correspondence columns of the *Times*.

With Mr. Smith Barry disappears a notable type of the Irish landlord. There have been times when the full tide of Nationalist rhetorical fury has been directed upon him. Nothing could exceed the urbanity with which he smiled upon it. After five years' experience Sir Henry Stanley has found the House of Commons more insupportable than the swamps of Central Africa. How he found Livingstone was a mere trifle to the difficulty of catching the Speaker's eye, and the barrenness of the triumph when achieved. The shipping interest has been badly hit by the determination of Sir Thomas Sutherland, of the P. and O., and Sir Donald Currie, of the Castle Liners, not to offer themselves for re-election. Calamity was completed by the defeat at the poll of Sir Francis Evans, Chairman of the Union Steamship Company.

Mr. Justin McCarthy practically retired when, two years ago, he underwent an operation designed to recapture failing eyesight. It was a strange irony that made him Leader of the Irish Party just after it had been riven in Committee Room No. 15. His implacable serenity, his imperturbable sweetness of disposition made him

Much too good
For human nature's daily food.

To crown him member of the dislocated Irish National Party, in succession to Mr. Parnell, was a joke of a kind grimmer than is usually made in Ireland.

Other old members whose places know them no more are Mr. Carvell Williams, whose strong opinions on Church matters were always moderately expressed; Sir W. H. Wills, whose cheery presence will be much missed; Mr. Joseph Arch, who, since Lord Warwick wrote a preface to his "Autobiography," rose to the social dignity of spats, an adjunct to a tweed suit that gave him quite the appearance of a rustic squire; Mr. McEwan, a man of immense ability studiously concentrated upon effort to efface himself; Sir Charles Cameron, man of affairs and a sturdy debater; Sir T. Gibson Carmichael, who succeeded Mr. Gladstone as member for Midlothian, but did not eclipse his oratorical renown; and Sir William Wedderburn, who ever lent an access of gentle dulness to debate on Indian topics.

The list of old members who have fallen in the fight at the polls include some not less well-known names. Perhaps the most familiar is that of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Sir Wilfrid has so long sat in the lobby of Temperance, keeping his seat even when William Harcourt was thrown at Derby, that his return would, under ordinary circumstances, have been made as a matter of course. But when he changed the saddle from Local Option to Boer he was thrown. The defeat of Mr. Horace Plunkett shows how predominant is a certain strain in Irish character, whether in peasant or landlord. The class represented by Colonel Sanderson jeer at their compatriots in the opposite camp because they are ever ready to sacrifice Party loyalty to personal resentment. Thus it proved on the high social level of Mr. Horace Plunkett's constituency. A Unionist seat was chucked away, and the Irish Member who has done more than any other for the material prosperity of his country was overthrown because, in selecting the best man for a particular job, he was undeterred by the fact that the candidate at one time had been a follower of Mr. Parnell. This is a blot on the General Election not to be relieved even by the gleam of light flashed from Caithness signalling the discomfiture of Dr. Clark.

CHAPTERS BY

SIR WILLIAM MAC CORMAC, Bart., K.C.V.O., P.R.C.S., on
THE CARE OF THE WOUNDED IN THE FIELD;
COLONEL SIR HOWARD VINCENT, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P., on
THE VOLUNTEERS IN THE CAMPAIGN;
G. M. C. LUARD, Reuter's Correspondent during the Investment, on
THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY;
MAJOR F. D. BAILLIE, Correspondent of the "Morning Post" during the Investment, on
THE SIEGE OF MAFeking;
LIEUTENANT M. F. McTAGGART, 5th Lancers, who took part in the Defence, on
THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH;
G. D. GILES, Special Artist-Correspondent of "The Graphic," on
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The Court

THE Empress Frederick's dangerous condition has caused the deepest anxiety among the Royal circle at Balmoral. For some time past the Queen has been much troubled about her eldest daughter's health, and when the late serious news arrived Princess Christian at once hurried away from Balmoral, intending to go to Cronberg. Happily the Empress took a turn for the better and the Queen's anxiety was temporarily relieved, while Princess Christian delayed her departure from town, leaving the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to go over to Germany without her. There is only a small gathering round the Queen at Balmoral just now—Princess Beatrice, with three of her children, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who is so constantly with Her Majesty. Nor have many visitors been at the Castle, except one evening when the Queen gave a naval dinner-party, the guests being Admirals Sir Edmund Commerell, and the Earl of Clanwilliam with the Countess and their eldest daughter. The Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle, also stayed at Balmoral from Saturday to Monday to officiate at Divine Service before Her Majesty and the Princesses on Sunday. A Privy Council was fixed for Thursday, when the Queen would sanction the date for opening the new Parliament.

Ever since last winter the Empress Frederick has been in most delicate health. When her Majesty was staying on the Italian Riviera in the spring she had a serious attack of her complaint, and the Empress has been suffering greatly throughout the summer, enduring severe pain and being unable to rise from her chair without assistance. The Empress has spent all the summer at Friedrichshof, Cronberg, her married children staying with her in town, and the Prince of Wales spending much time with his sister during his "cure" at Homburg. There was even some idea of the Queen going over to see her daughter, but the Empress grew much better, and it was hoped that she would be able to come to England on a short visit before going to the Riviera for the winter. Then Her Majesty caught a chill, which brought the illness to an acute stage, and for some days she was in great danger. Apart from her malady the Empress Frederick was exceedingly weak and heart failure was feared. A specialist, Professor Renvers, was summoned from Berlin, the German Emperor and Empress gave up all their engagements and came to Homburg to be near their mother, and the other members of the family were close at hand. Happily, the patient rallied, and the doctor was able to leave her on Sunday, with the assurance that there was no "immediate danger." Owing to the anxiety felt by the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught joined the party at Homburg, whilst Princess Christian remained in town ready to be summoned if necessary. From the latest accounts, however, the Empress Frederick is improving steadily, if slowly, and it is hoped that she will regain fair health, at least, for the present.

Queen Victoria and the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia have exchanged various gifts of late, but none will please the Negus better than the fine pair of fox-terriers which Her Majesty has just sent out under the charge of Captain Harrington, British Resident at the Abyssinian Court. Menelik was greatly taken with the English fox-terrier which accompanied Captain Welby on his late Mission, so the Queen chose two of the coveted dogs as a present. Four pedigree greyhounds are also being taken out by Captain Harrington.

The Prince of Wales came back to town on Saturday night from his shooting visit to Newmarket, and went down to Portsmouth on Monday to inspect the new Royal yacht. The Prince has just achieved another racing success—the victory of his young horse, Lord Quex, and the Prince's good luck is eminently popular with the general public. The Princess's return home is drawing near, and soon after she comes back King Christian of Denmark is expected on a visit to the Prince and Princess.

Little Prince Edward of York, having reached the mature age of six, has been promoted from the nursery to the charge of a governess and the time comes for a tutor to take command. The lady who is to train up the future King of England, Mme. Bricka, was the Duchess of York's governess, then her companion, and a member of the White Lodge household till the death of both the Duke and Duchess of Teck. She is much beloved by the family and is a most accomplished woman.

The Shah's tour is over and His Majesty has gone home to Persia. Will he follow his father's example and write a history of his travels?

Most Sovereigns prefer to visit the Paris Exhibition *incog*, rather than go through the wearisome formalities of a State reception. Both the King of the Belgians and King George of Greece are staying in Paris quite privately; indeed King Leopold even occupies a different hotel from his usual quarters to avoid any State visits are duly exchanged with President Loubet, but other the Kings have spent their time quietly inspecting the Exhibition and going to the theatre in the evening. Speaking of Belgian visits, Prince Albert and his bride have gone off on a honeymoon tour through Switzerland and Italy.

TO VISITORS TO LONDON.

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- ARE YOU GOING TO A PICTURE GALLERY?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
- ARE YOU GOING TO A THEATRE?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
- ARE YOU GOING TO A MUSIC HALL?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
- ARE YOU GOING TO AN EXHIBITION?
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- ARE YOU GOING TO A CONCERT?
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The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"COPYRIGHT IN COUNTENANCES" is a matter that I have warmly advocated in this column two or three years ago, and I cannot understand why it has not long ago received the attention of the voluminous writers on copyright laws and customs and their reform. I am prompted to return to the question by seeing some apposite remarks on the subject in "From Nor'-Western Latitudes" in a recent number of *Punch*. There are no initials to the article, but it requires no signature to point out that the delightfully humorous paper in question is the work of the genial editor. In the course of it he speaks of the irrepressible snap-shooter and says:—"Have you the copyright in your own face? Can you step up to the surreptitious photographer and say severely, but with sufficient politeness—'Sir, you have taken a liberty with my property, I mean with my face; I do not care what the result may be, but I charge one guinea for a sitting or a standing, or whatever you may choose to call it.' If he refuse your demand what remedy have you at law? The case would be appropriately heard *in camera*." If a man points a pistol at you in the street—no matter whether the pistol be loaded or not—I believe you can give him in charge of the police; if he points a kodak at you, you ought to be able to claim similar protection from the law. To attempt to take a man's head without his permission is clearly an assault which should be rigorously punished. Besides, if these snap-shooters happen to encounter a celebrity they forthwith take his portrait, multiply it and make money out of it, but the celebrity himself does not even get a small percentage on the profits. This is rather hard, seeing that he has furnished all the capital.

At this time of year the human *becafico*, or the unfeathered devourer of green figs in England, begins to wonder why that delicious fruit is so scarce and so costly. People will tell you the reason is because the taste for green figs is not general, and, therefore, but little attention is paid to their cultivation. I can scarcely believe this to be the case, as most people I know are very fond of them, but all complain of their scarcity and high price. Unless you are totally regardless of expenditure, fourpence, sixpence, eightpence, or a shilling is quite too much to spend upon a fruit of which—if you once begin—you are likely to consume at least half a dozen specimens. If proper attention were paid to the cultivation of the fig tree, there is no reason why we should not have excellent figs at a penny apiece. Though, in the present day, we no more expect to be able to gather figs in Fig Tree Court, in the Temple, than we should dream of coursing hares in Hare Court, there are plenty of places in London where the fig tree flourishes, and there are many more where it would thrive luxuriantly if it only had the chance.

I can call to mind a fine specimen that not long ago used to cover the front of a house hard by the Foundling. Why it was cut down,

or who was the arboricide, I have been unable to ascertain. In Italy you may certainly get as many figs as you please at a reasonable cost, but the only time I have been able to do so in England was when I visited a fig-garden at Tarring, in Sussex, a few years ago. The trees in this pleasaunce are of great antiquity—some are said to have been planted by Thomas à Beckett—and are tremendously prolific. I was allowed to stroll beneath the leafy shade and literally browse amid the purple fruit, and I took away with me a big bag full of choice examples of the produce of these ancient trees. And all this was accomplished at a very trifling expenditure. This seems to demonstrate the fact that the fig may be produced at a reasonable price in England, and it is probably only the additional expense of carriage, packing and waste that makes the fruit so dear in London. Could anyone manage to establish a fig-garden, say, in the middle of Russell Square, he might make a good thing



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF LORD ROBERTS: THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND HIS DAUGHTERS

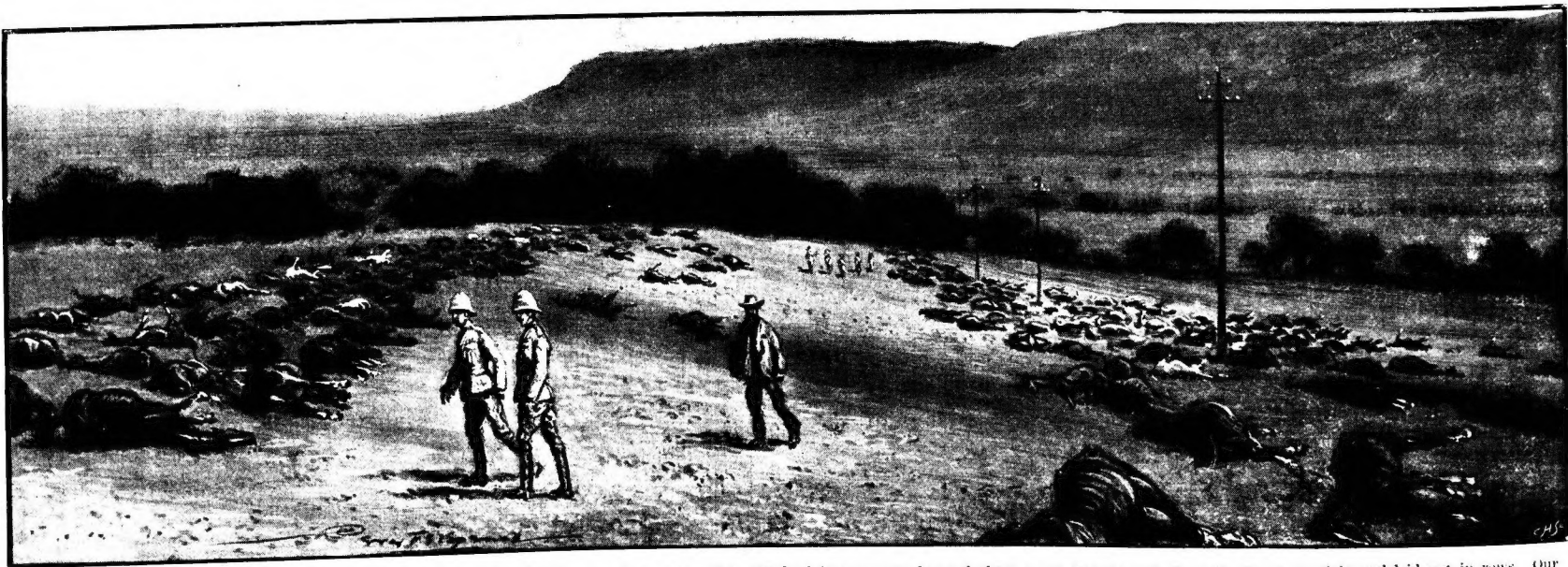
From a Photograph taken at Headquarters' Residence, Pretoria, by Horace W. Nicholls

out of it, and might take for his motto, "In the name of the profit fig."

Most of us are proud of our surnames, and it we are not we are compelled to endure them unless we avail ourselves of the modern facilities of changing them—a privilege, by the way, that has always been possessed by a non-kind. Though we are compelled to stick to our surnames, it sometimes me we might introduce a little variety into our Christian names. Why are the same names reiterated from generation to generation? Are we not somewhat weary of the perpetual John, Richard, Thomas, and such like ordinary names. In my family there has been a Joseph in every generation ever since 1614, and so careful are they that the name should be omitted that sometimes you may find two or three of this hideous name. A friend of mine, though his family is an old one, steadily set his face against this serious repetition. Whenever a new baby required christening he used to go down the gazetteer and select a name therefrom. The consequence is, not his charming family are all grown up—they are possessed of effective and unusual *prénoms*. It would be well if the young people of the present day would follow my friend's excellent example and make a new departure in the nomenclature of their infants. See how much better than using the old worn-out names would it be to hear of Sapperton Smith, Baunton Brown, Jackaman Jones, and Rodmarton Robinson! How joyfully one would welcome such combinations as Irewsbury Tomkins, Dursley Davis, Fairford Fox, Wotton Watkins, and Cricklade Cook! And if you want girls' names I could give you a most poetic selection by merely consulting the map of Gloucestershire alone.

A shilling a package is quite enough to pay for your luggage when you send it in advance. But having paid it, the least you can expect is that it should be punctually delivered. The other day I sent three small portmanteaux off, and I know they all went by the same train. Two have been delivered, but at this present writing the third has not made its appearance. If there is not absolute punctuality in these matters of course the whole system is useless.

The recent craze for autographed furniture—should it attain volume and longevity—is scarcely likely to be an unmixed blessing. It may be all very well for celebrities—by the way are not "celebrities" becoming rather common and tiresome?—to scribble on a specially prepared table or mantelpiece that may be varnished afterwards, but you will scarcely know where to draw your line. If you give the aforesaid liberty to celebrities you will find people who are not celebrities may take to writing their names on your walls, or carving their initials on your dining-room table, or inscribing their autograph on your lamp shades. In a little while you will probably find your drawing-room is scribbled all over like the walls of Shakespeare's house or a summer house in Rosherville Gardens, while your furniture will be whittled and initialled like the panels of a public school. I do not imagine this new phase of an Englishman's *penchant* for inscribing his name everywhere will meet with universal favour.



During the thirteen days that the siege of Colonel Hore's post at Eland's River lasted, no fewer than 500 dead horses were dragged about a quarter of a mile from the laager at night and laid out in rows. Our photograph is supplied by "Photogetter."

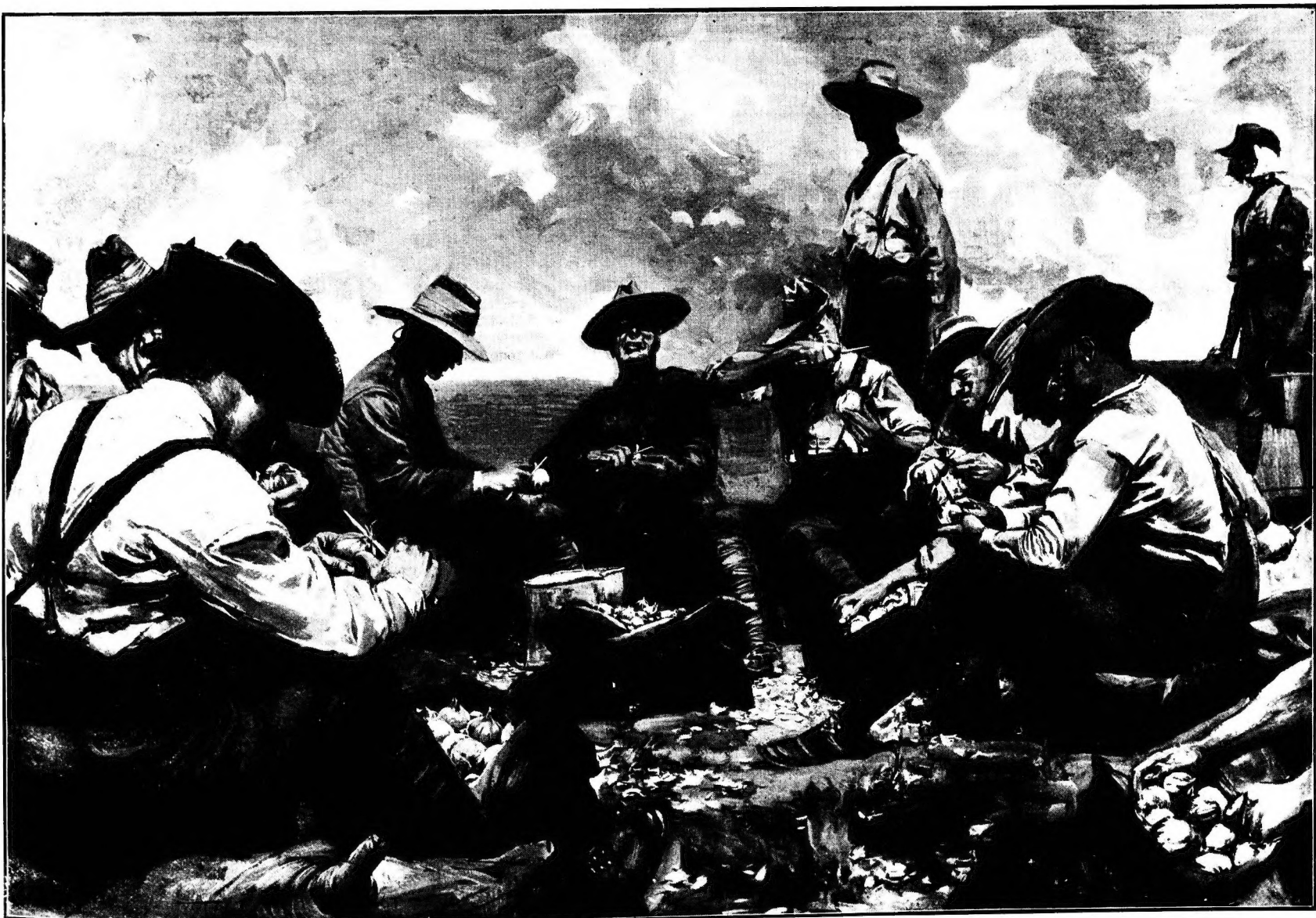
THE SIEGE OF THE ELAND'S RIVER GARRISON: DEAD HORSES OUTSIDE THE LAAGER



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. G. FOOLE

A COSSACK ESCORTING A BLINDFOLDED CHINESE SOLDIER TO THE FOREIGN QUARTER
A MEMORY OF THE SIEGE OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING



DRAWN BY F. J. WAUGH

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK

A Correspondent writes:—"There is a humorous side to nearly everything, and even the war in South Africa, grievous as it is, has furnished many a happy little incident which goes to show how little the hardships of the campaign weighs upon the troops engaged. The C.I.V.'s shown in our illustration are not

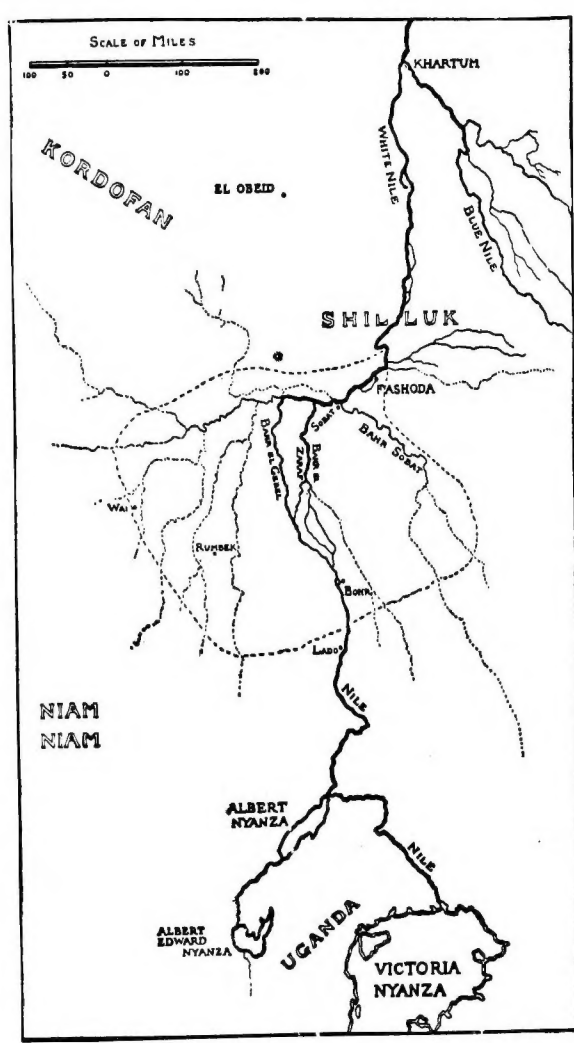
home sick, nor are they anything but right down jolly. Their tears are the result of their occupation in camp at Orange River—peeling onions"

THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE WAR: "WHY DO THESE C.I.V.'S WEEP?"

Clearing the Nile

By SIR WILLIAM GARSTIN

BETWEEN the sixth and ninth parallels of north latitude, the Nile traverses a series of marshes, in extent probably the largest in the world. Their actual limits are as yet unknown. Their area can, consequently, only be guessed at, but it cannot be much under twelve thousand square miles. They originate in an immense depression which was evidently once a lake. It is now a reedy swamp which forms a vast nursery for the production of aquatic plants.



MAP OF THE NILE SHOWING THE "SUDD" DISTRICT

Throughout its extent, only occasional glimpses of open water are to be seen. The water-plants most commonly met with are the papyrus, *Cyperus papyrus*, and the *Vossia procera*, a tall reed, called by the Arabs, *Um soof*, or "Mother of wool," on account of the prickly hairs with which it is covered. Interspersed with the above are patches of ambatch, *Herminiera clophoxylon*, a tree-like shrub which is lighter than cork. Numerous flowering creepers twine themselves through the reeds and add to the tangle of the mass. This whole track of country is called by the Arabs, the "sudd," or the "barrier," on account of the obstruction which it causes to the course of the river.

A Dreary Region

A more dreary region it is impossible to imagine, and it is difficult to depict its melancholy desolation in words. In every direction, as far as the eye can reach, a sea of reeds extends. Not a tree breaks the line of the horizon. The sombre colour of the papyrus contrasts, it is true, with the more vivid green of the reeds, but the general tone of the landscape is monotonous to an extreme degree, and the feathery tops of the papyrus plant lend a funereal aspect to the scene. Few persons can spend much time in these swamps without suffering from depression and low spirits. The climate does not tend to improve matters. The heat, even in the winter months, is intense, and the atmosphere is, at all times, saturated with humidity. Malaria is rife, and from April to October the rainfall is practically continuous. Except in a few isolated spots, where the land rises some inches above the marsh, no sign of human life is visible. The only inhabitants are a few negroes, of the Dinka and Nuer tribes, who eke out a miserable existence by fishing. Even the hippopotamus, which is common in other parts of the Nile, appears to find the "sudd" region uninhabitable, as it is but rarely seen within its limits. The setting sun, nightly heralds the appearance of mosquitoes in countless myriads. At this hour, the hum of these pests produces such a volume of sound as almost to resemble the low notes of an organ. Their ferocity continues unappeased throughout the night.

Sir Samuel Baker has well described this pestilential region as "a heaven for mosquitoes and a damp hell for men."

A Lost River

Through these huge marshes the Nile forces its way from south to north, changing its character completely during its passage. It enters them a broad and majestic river. It passes through them

split up into several channels of narrow section, which wind through the swamps in a series of bewildering loops. The velocity of the stream in these branches is sluggish, and the colour of the water resembles that which has passed through a peat-bog. For more than two hundred miles the river is practically lost, but at Lake No, N. Lat. 9° 29', it works clear of the swamps, and the different channels reunite, forming what is known as the "Bahr-el-Abiad," or White Nile.

The most important of the branches in the "sudd" region is the "Bahr-el-Gebel," or "Mountain River," and the "Bahr-el-Zaraf," or "Giraffe River." The former traverses the centre of the swamps, while the latter follows their eastern limit, rejoining the main stream north of Lake No. Some ninety-six miles down stream of this last, the Sobat River brings a large volume of water from the Abyssinian highlands to swell the discharge of the White Nile.

Of the different branches, the Bahr-el-Gebel is undoubtedly the most important, and may be considered to be the true Nile. It forms the means of communication between the White Nile and the Upper, or Victoria Nile.

What the "Sudd" is Composed of

More often than not the Bahr-el-Gebel is completely blocked by vegetation, which forms a serious impediment to its course. Such a block, constitutes what is technically known as the "sudd." It is formed as follows:—

Before and after the annual rainy season stormy weather prevails. The strong winds cause large masses of papyrus and reeds, growing in the shallow lakes, to become detached by the roots. They are thus set floating upon the surface of the lagoons. These floating masses are sometimes of several acres in extent, and move about according to the direction of the wind. Eventually some portions of them find their way into the river itself and float down with the stream. A bend in the channel, or a narrow section, causes them to stick fast, and a partial block is speedily formed. The current brings down fresh masses of weed upon those first arrived, and the sectional area of the river channel is quickly reduced. The velocity of the current is, consequently, increased, and the succeeding portions are sucked under the original block, thus adding to its thickness. By degrees, under the severe action of the water, the whole becomes compressed into a dense and solid mass, which covers the river surface from bank to bank, and underneath which the stream rushes as through a sluice-gate. These blocks, at times, attain a thickness of fifteen feet below the water, and four or five feet above it. The surface is forced by the pressure into what may be best described as a gigantic ridge and furrow. In places it is so solid that hippopotami and even elephants can cross it without danger. Naturally, such a block causes a rise in the water-levels upstream, and the river spills over into the adjacent marshes, thus assisting fresh masses of papyrus to float adrift and form the nucleus of further obstructions lower down. Navigation of the river is thus rendered impossible.

Former Attempts to Clear the Channel

In former years, many attempts were made to remove the "sudd" by the rulers of Egypt. Some of these attempts were temporarily successful, but in no instance was the effect of the work lasting, and, as a rule, the channel quickly closed again. During the period of Dervish rule nothing was done in this direction. After the reconquest of the Soudan the Egyptian Government took up this important question, and in the winter of 1899 decided upon a fresh attempt at the removal of the "sudd." In December, 1899, an expedition was fitted out for this purpose and despatched to the spot. It was placed under the direction of Major Peake, an artillery officer in the Egyptian service. With him were several English

officers, and the workmen consisted of some 600 or 700 Dervish prisoners. Five gunboats were employed upon the work.

The season of 1899 and 1900 was, in some respects, a favourable one for the purpose, as the river at the time was abnormally low, and the swamps were consequently drier than is usually the case. On the other hand, the lowness of the river rendered communication with the base at Khartoum very difficult, and transport of supplies and material became almost an impossibility. In spite of these difficulties, a surprising amount of work was done, and at the end of April communication between Khartoum and Fort Khartoum in the Uganda Protectorate, was rendered possible by the work. Another season's work will probably be required to complete the task, but a good beginning has been made, and there seems little doubt that, if regular inspection of the river can be secured, it can be kept permanently clear of the "sudd." Some idea of the work done may be gathered from the fact that fourteen blocks of "sudd," some of them more than a mile in length, were removed by Major Peake and his staff.

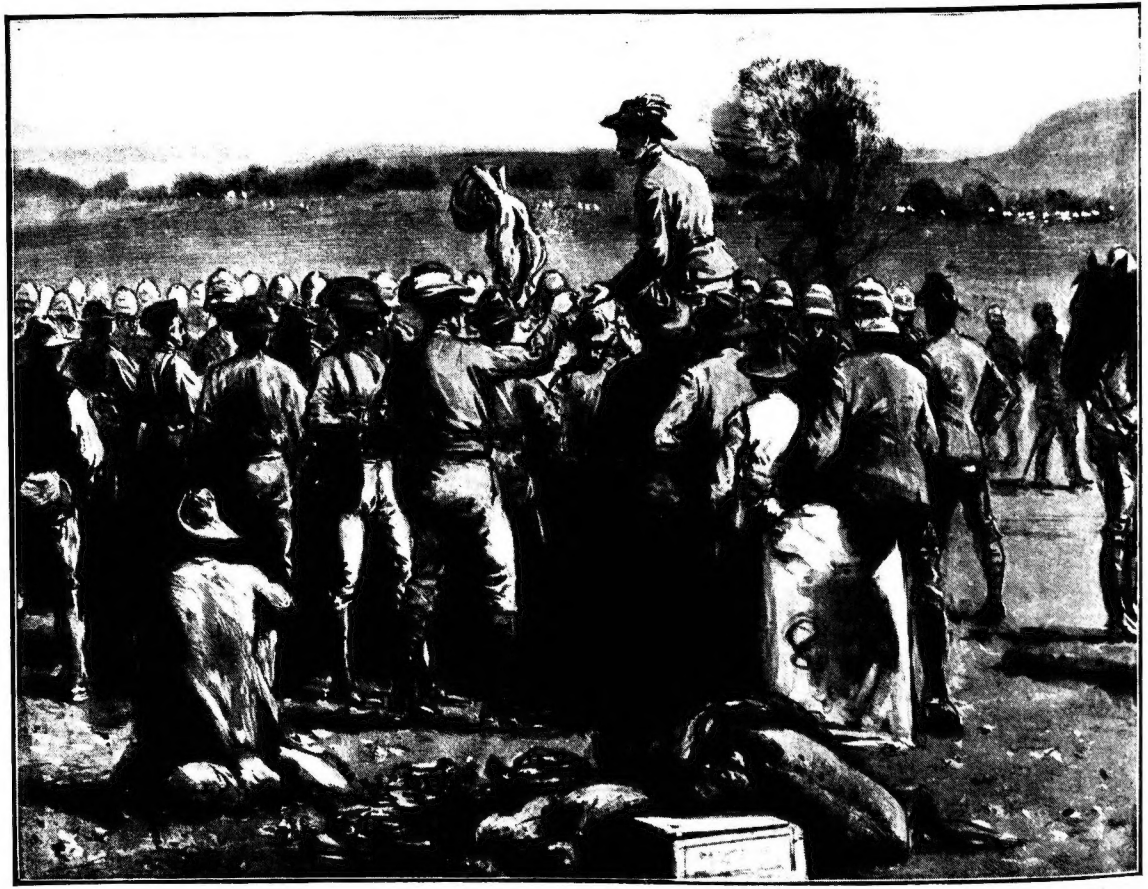
How the "Sudd" is Removed

The method of removal was as follows:—When a block of the river was met with, the papyrus and reeds were set fire to, to say, the green rushes burnt freely. The surface of the "sudd" was thus laid bare. As soon as the fire had died down, gunboats and men were set to work digging trenches in the mass, parallel to the river at right angles to, the course of the stream. These trenches averaged four feet in depth and three feet in width. The surface of the "sudd" was in this way divided into rectangular blocks, each being some ten feet square. To every block in such a series, anchors with steel hawsers were attached from the gunboats. The latter then steamed full speed astern. As a rule, seven or eight blocks were required before the block finally parted and came away. It was then allowed to float down stream and another block was tackled in the same manner. The work was extremely tedious, and was much delayed by the breaking of the hawsers and chains under the heavy strain. Had explosives been procurable the work would have been immensely facilitated. After a certain number of blocks had been thus removed it generally happened that the force of the water caused the rest of the obstruction to burst away of itself.

The Tribes on the White Nile

The inhabitants upon either bank of the White Nile, after leaving the "sudd" country, belong to the important negro tribe of Shilluks. They occupy the river banks for some 350 miles, and their villages are to be seen on both sides of the river, in an almost continuous line, and clear of the flooded belt. The capital of the Shilluks is Fashoda. Although formerly turbulent, they are now extremely friendly and well disposed. In character they are indolent and they devote most of their time to fishing and to spearing the hippopotamus and the crocodile. They are adepts at the last sport, which is accompanied with considerable danger. The men never condescend to work in the fields, and what little agriculture is practised is carried out by the women; again, the men dress their hair in extraordinary and fantastic patterns, while the women shave the head. Their arms are long-bladed spears and short wooden clubs. They are divided into many sub-tribes, each under a head-man, but all of them are united under the government of one "Mek," or King, whose power is absolute. In this respect they differ from their neighbours, the Dinkas, in whose case each tribe is governed by a distinct and independent chief. The Dinka villages consist of groups of straw huts with conical thatched roofs, at a distance they resemble beehives or hay-ricks.

Fine specimens of the *Teleb* palm, *Borassus Ethiopacus*, are to be found in the vicinity of almost every village.

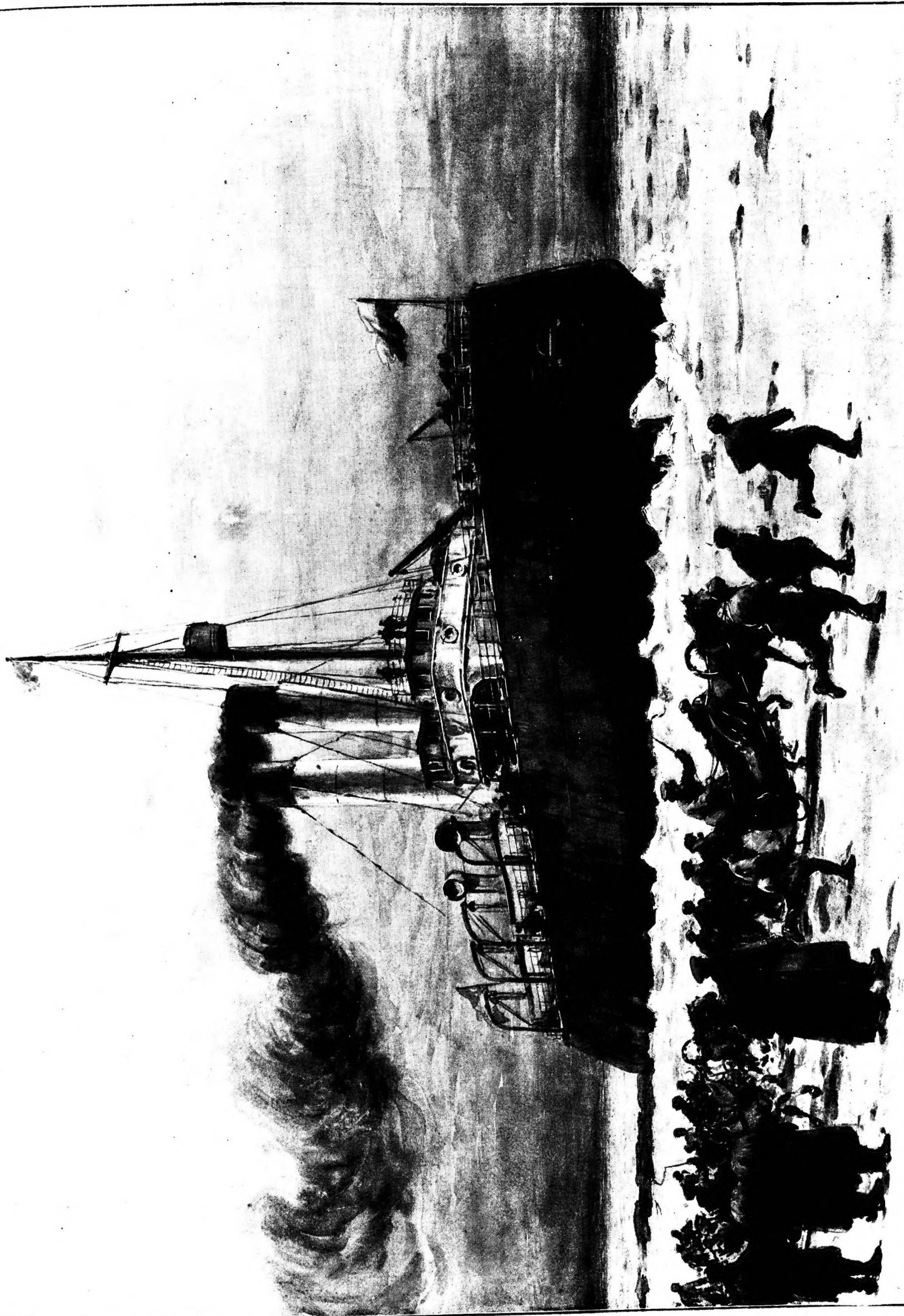


DRAWN BY F. J. WAUGH

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY "PHOTOGETTER"

When the garrison of the Eland's River post, under Colonel Hore, was relieved after a siege of twenty-three days, the kit of those who had fallen was put up to auction for the benefit of their relatives, in accordance with the usual custom

AN OPEN-AIR SALE BY AUCTION: AFTER THE RELIEF OF ELAND'S RIVER



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

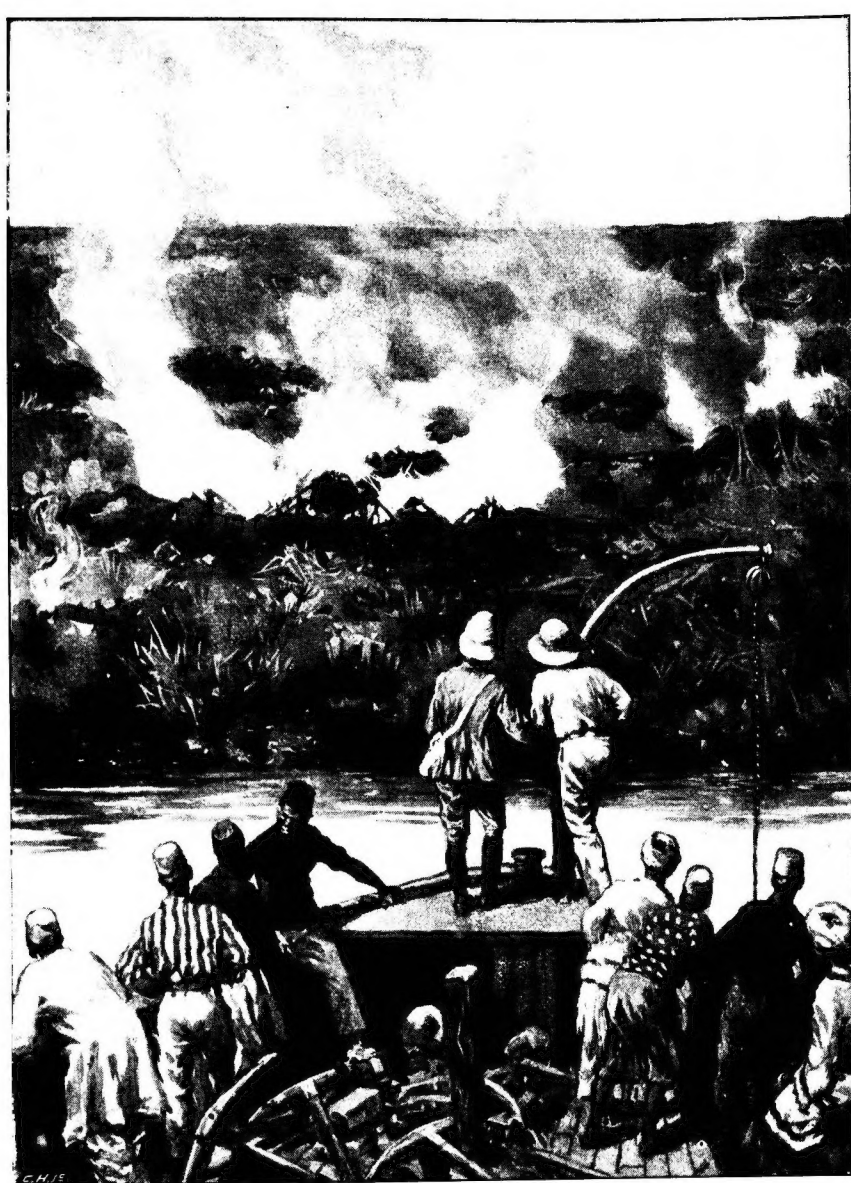
The powerful icebreaker, ss. *Ermak*, was built by Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. from the plans of Admiral Makaroff, the originator and successful navigator of the vessel.

On her first trip she cut her way through the solid ice, leaving behind her a broad channel in the desert of ice. At Cronstadt, where the ice begins to close up in the late autumn, the

people frequently gather to witness the arrival of the vessel, and drive alongside in sledges, but the little Finland horses can scarcely keep up with the *Ermak*.

THE NEW RUSSIAN ICEBREAKER: THE SS. "ERMAK" AT WORK AT CRONSTADT

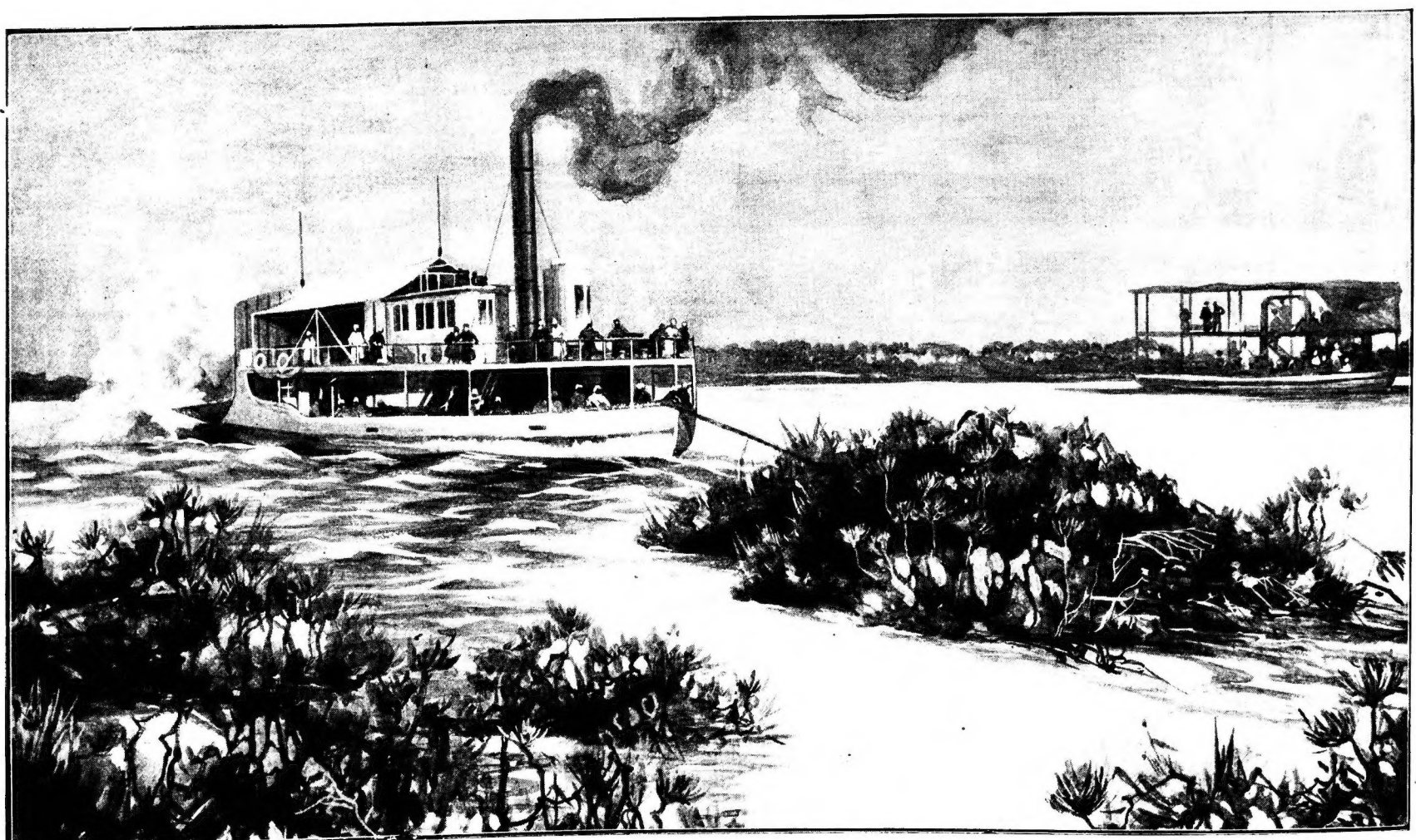
FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT



BURNING THE SUDD BEFORE CUTTING IT



CUTTING A TRENCH IN THE SUDD



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIR W. E. GARSTIN

A STEAMER HAULING AWAY A HALF-SEVERED BLOCK OF THE SUDD
CLEARING THE NILE: OPERATIONS IN THE BAHR-EL-GEHEL



"The hero Adrian, overthrower of robbers, looked at the kneeling Elsa, and knew that she was lovely, as, under the circumstances, was right and fitting, and the rescued Elsa, gazing at the hero Adrian, admitted to herself that he was handsome, also that his appearance on the scene had been opportune, not to say providential."

LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.

(Copyright, 1900, by H. RIDER HAGGARD, in the United States of America)

CHAPTER X.—(continued)

IN this same morning Adrian rose late. The talk at the supper table on the previous night, especially Foy's coarse, uneducated sarcasm, had ruffled his temper, and when Adrian's temper was ruffled he generally found it necessary to sleep himself into good humour. As the bookkeeper of the establishment, for his stepfather had never been able to induce him to take an active part in its work, which in his heart he considered beneath him, Adrian should have been in the office by nine o'clock. As he had not risen before ten, however, nor eaten his breakfast until after eleven, this was clearly impossible. Then he remembered that here was a good chance of finishing a sonnet, of which the last lines were running in his head. It chanced that Adrian

was a bit of a poet, and, like most poets, he found quiet essential to the art of composition. Somehow, when Foy was in the house, singing and talking, and that great Frisian brute, Martin, was tramping to and fro, there was never any quiet, for even when he could not hear

them, the sense of their presence exasperated his nerves. So now was his opportunity, especially as his mother was out—marketing, she said—but in all probability engaged upon some wretched and risky business connected with the people whom she called martyrs. Adrian determined to avail himself of it and finish his sonnet.

This took some time. First, as all true artists know, the Muse must be summoned, and she will rarely arrive under an hour's appropriate and gloomy contemplation of things in general. Then, especially in the case of sonnets, rhymes, which are stubborn and remorseless things, must be found and arranged. The pivot and object of this particular sonnet was a certain notable Spanish beauty, Isabella d'Ovanda by name. She was the wife of a decrepit but exceedingly noble Spaniard, who might almost have been her grandfather, and who had been sent as one of a commission appointed by King Philip II. to inquire into certain financial matters connected with the Netherlands.

This grandee, who, as it happened, was a very industrious and conscientious person, among other cities, had visited Leyden in order to assess the value of the Imperial dues and taxes. The task did not take him long, because the burghers rudely and vehemently declared that under their ancient charter they were free from any Imperial dues and taxes, nor could the noble marquis's arguments move them to a more rational view. Still, he argued for a week, and during that time his wife, the lovely Isabella, dazzled the women of the town with her costumes and the men with her exceedingly attractive person.

Especially did she dazzle the romantic Adrian; hence the poetry.

On the whole the rhymes went pretty well, though there were difficulties, but with industry he got round them. Finally the sonnet, a high-flown and very absurd composition, was completed.

By now it was time to eat; indeed, there are few things that make a man hungrier than long-continued poetical exercise, so Adrian ate. In the midst of the meal his mother returned, pale and anxious-faced, for the poor woman had been engaged in making arrangements for the safety of the beggared widow of the martyred Jansen, a pathetic and even a dangerous task. In his own way Adrian was fond of his mother, but being a selfish puppy he took but little note of her cares or moods. Therefore, seizing the opportunity of an audience he insisted upon reading to her his sonnet, not once but several times.

"Very pretty, my son, very pretty," murmured Lysbeth, in whose bewildered brain the stilted and meaningless words buzzed like bees in an empty hive, "though I am sure I cannot guess how you find the heart in such times as these to write poetry to fine ladies whom you do not know."

"Poetry, mother," said Adrian sententiously, "is a great consolator; it lifts the mind from the contemplation of petty and sordid cares."

"Petty and sordid cares!" repeated Lysbeth wonderingly, then she added with a kind of cry: "Oh! Adrian, have you no heart that you can watch a saint burn and come home to philosophise about his agonies? Will you never understand? If you could have seen that poor woman this morning who only three months ago was a happy bride." Then bursting into tears Lysbeth turned and fled



was a bit of a poet, and, like most poets, he found quiet essential to the art of composition. Somehow, when Foy was in the house, singing and talking, and that great Frisian brute, Martin, was tramping to and fro, there was never any quiet, for even when he could not hear

from the room, for she remembered that what was the fate of the Vrouw Jansen to-day-to-morrow might be her own.

This show of emotion quite upset Adrian, whose nerves were delicate, and who being honestly attached to his mother did not like to see her weeping.

"Pest on the whole thing," he thought to himself. "Why can't we go away and live in some pleasant place where they haven't got any religion, unless it is the worship of Venus? Yes, a place of orange groves, and running streams, and pretty women with guitars, who like having sonnets read to them, and—"

At this moment the door opened and Martin's huge and flaming poll appeared.

"The master wants to know if you are coming to the works, Heer Adrian. If not, will you be so good as to give me the key of the strong-box as he needs the cash-book."

With a groan Adrian rose to go, then changed his mind. No, after that perfumed vision of green groves and lovely ladies it was impossible for him to face the malodorous and prosaic foundry.

"Tell them I can't come," he said, drawing the key from his pocket.

"Very good, Heer Adrian—why not?"

"Because I am writing."

"Writing what?" queried Martin.

"A sonnet."

"What's a sonnet?" said Martin blankly.

"Ill-educated clown," murmured Adrian, then—with a sudden inspiration, "I'll show you what a sonnet is; I will read it to you. Come in and shut the door."

Martin obeyed, and was duly rewarded with the sonnet, of which he understood nothing at all except the name of the lady, Isabella d'Ovanda. But Martin was not without the guile of the serpent.

"Beautiful," he said, "beautiful! Read it again, master."

Adrian did so with much delight, remembering the tale of how the music of Orpheus had charmed the very beasts.

"Ah!" said Martin, "that's a love-letter, isn't it, to that splendid-looking, black-eyed marchioness, whom I saw looking at you?"

"Well, not exactly," said Adrian, highly pleased, although, to tell the truth, he could not recollect upon what occasion the fair Isabella had favoured him with her kind glances. "Yet I suppose that you might call it so, an idealised love-letter, a letter in which ardent and distant yet tender admiration is wrapt with the veil of verse."

"Quite so. Well, Master Adrian, you send it to her."

"You don't think that she might be offended?" queried Adrian doubtfully.

"Offended!" said Martin. "If she is I know nothing of women (as a matter of fact he didn't). No, she will be very pleased; she'll take it away and read it by herself, and sleep with it under her pillow until she knows it by heart, and then I daresay she will ask you to come and see her. Well, I must be off, but thank you for reading me the beautiful poetry letter, Heer Adrian."

"Really," reflected Adrian, as the door closed behind him, "this is another instance of the deceitfulness of appearances. I always thought Martin a great, brutal fool, yet in his breast, uncultured as it is, the sacred spark still smoulders." And then and there he made up his mind that he would read Martin a further selection of poems upon the first opportunity.

If only Adrian could have been a witness to the scene which at this very moment was in progress at the works. Martin having delivered the key of the box, sought out Foy, and proceeded to tell him the story. More, perfidious one, he handed over a rough draft of the sonnet which he had surreptitiously garnered from the floor, to Foy, who, clad in a leather apron, and seated on the edge of a casting, read it eagerly.

"I told him to send it," went on Martin, "and, by St. Peter, I think he will, and then if he doesn't have old Don Diaz after him with a pistol in one hand and a stiletto in the other, my name isn't Martin Rous."

"Of course, of course," gasped Foy, kicking his legs into the air with delight. "Why, they call the old fellow 'Singejaloux.' Oh! it's capital, and I only hope that he opens the lady's letters."

Thus did Foy, the commonplace and practical, make a mock of the poetic efforts of the high-souled and sentimental Adrian.

Meanwhile Adrian, feeling that he required air after his literary labours, fetched his peregrine from its perch—for he was fond of hawking—and, setting it on his wrist, started out to find a quarry on the marshes near the town.

Before he was halfway down the street he had forgotten all about the sonnet and the lovely Isabella. His was a curious temperament, and this sentimentality, born of vainness and idle hours, by no means expressed it all. That he was what we should nowadays call a prig we know, and also that he possessed his father's, Montalvo's, readiness of speech without his father's sense of humour. In him, as Martin had hinted, the strain of the sire predominated, for in all essentials Adrian was as Spanish in mind as in appearance.

For instance, the sudden and violent passions into which he was apt to fall if thwarted or overlooked were purely Spanish; there seemed to be nothing of the patient, phlegmatic Netherlander about this side of him. Indeed, it was this temper of his perhaps more than any other desire or tendency that made him so dangerous, for, whereas the impulses of his heart were often good enough, they were always liable to be perverted by some sudden access of suddenly provoked rage.

From his birth up Adrian had mixed little with Spaniards, and every influence about him, especially that of his mother, the being whom he most loved on earth, had been anti-Spanish, yet were he an hidalgo fresh from the Court at the Escorial, he could scarcely have been more Spanish. Thus he had been brought up in what might be called a Republican atmosphere, yet he was without sympathy for the love of liberty which animated the people of Holland. The sturdy independence of the Netherlanders, their perpetual criticism of Kings and established rules, their vulgar and unheard-of assumption that the good things of the world were free to all honest and hard-working citizens, and not merely the birth-right of blue blood, did not appeal to Adrian. Also from childhood he had been a member of the dissenting Church, one of the New Religion. Yet, at heart, he rejected this faith with its humble professors and pastors, its simple and sometimes squalid rites; its long

and earnest prayers offered to the Almighty in the damp of a cellar or the reek of a cowhouse.

Like thousands of his Spanish fellow-countrymen, he was constitutionally unable to appreciate the fact that true religion and true faith are the natural fruits of penitence and effort, and that individual repentance and striving are the only sacrifices required of man.

For safety's sake, like most politic Netherlanders, Adrian was called upon from time to time to attend worship in the Catholic churches. He did not find the obligation irksome. In fact, the forms and rites of that stately ceremonial, the moving picture of the Mass in those dim aisles, the pealing of the music and the sweet voices of hidden choristers—all these things unsealed a fountain in his bosom and at times moved him well-nigh to tears. The system appealed to him also, and he could understand that in it were joy and comfort. For here was to be found forgiveness of sins, not far off in the heavens, but at hand upon the earth; forgiveness to all who bent the head and paid the fee. Here, ready-made by that prince of armourers, a Church that claimed to be directly inspired, was a harness of proof which, after the death he dreaded (for he was full of spiritual fears and superstitions), would suffice to turn the shafts of Satan from his poor shivering soul, however steeped in crime. Was not this a more serviceable and practical faith than that of these loud-voiced, rude-handed Lutherans among whom he lived; men who elected to cast aside this armour and trust instead to a buckler forged by their faith and prayers—yes, and to give up their evil ways and subdue their own desires that they might forge it better?

Such were the thoughts of Adrian's secret heart, but as yet he had never acted on them, since, however much he might wish to do so, he had not found the courage to break away from the influence of his surroundings. His surroundings—ah! how he hated them! How he hated them! For very shame's sake, indeed, he could not live in complete idleness among folk who were always busy, therefore he acted as accountant in his stepfather's business, keeping the books of the foundry in a scanty and inefficient fashion, or writing letters to distant customers, for he was a skilled clerk, to order the raw materials necessary to the craft. But of this occupation he was weary, for he had the true Spanish dislike and contempt of trade. In his heart he held that war was the only occupation worthy of a man, successful war, of course, against foes worth plundering, such as Cortes and Pizarro had waged upon the poor Indians of New Spain.

Adrian had read a chronicle of the adventures of these heroes, and bitterly regretted that he had come into the world too late to share them. The tale of heathen fœmen slaughtered by thousands, and of the incalculable golden treasures divided among their conquerors, fired his imagination—especially the treasures. At times he would see them in his sleep, baskets full of gems, heaps of barbaric gold and guerdon of fair women slaves, all given by heaven to the true soldier whom it had charged with the sacred work of Christianising unbelievers by means of massacre and the rack.

Oh! how deeply did he desire such wealth and the power which it would bring with it; he who was dependent upon others that looked down upon him as a lazy dreamer, who had never a guilder to spare in his pouch, who had nothing indeed, but more debts than he cared to remember. But it never occurred to him to set to work and grow rich like his neighbours by honest toil and commerce. No, that was the task of slaves, like these low Hollander fellows among whom his lot was cast.

Such were the main characteristics of Adrian, surnamed van Goorl; Adrian the superstitious but uninspired dreamer, the vain Sybarite, the dull poet, the chopper of false logic, the weak and passionate self-seeker, whose best and deepest cravings, such as his love for his mother and another love that shall be told of, were really little more than a reflection of his own pride and lusts, or at least could be subordinated to their fulfilment. Not that he was altogether bad; somewhere in him there was a better part. Thus he was capable of good purposes and of bitter remorse; under certain circumstances even he might become capable also of a certain spurious spiritual exaltation. But if this was to bloom in his heart, it must be in a prison strong enough to protect from the blows of temptation. Adrian tempted would always be Adrian overcome. He was fashioned by nature to be the tool of others or of his own desires.

It may be asked what part had his mother in him; where in his weak, ignoble nature was the trace of her pure and noble character? It seems hard to find. Was this want to be accounted for by the circumstances connected with his birth, in which she had been so unwilling an agent? Had she given him something of her body but nothing of that which was within her own control—her spirit? Who can say? This at least is true, that from his mother's stock he had derived nothing beyond a certain Dutch doggedness of purpose which, when added to his other qualities, might in some events make him formidable—a thing to fear and flee from.

Adrian reached the Witte Poort, and paused on this side of the moat to reflect about things in general. Like most young men of his time and blood, as has been said, he had military leanings, and was convinced that, given the opportunity, he might become one of the foremost generals of his age. Now he was engaged in imagining himself besieging Leyden at the head of a great army, and in fancy disposing his forces after such fashion as would bring about its fall in the shortest possible time. Little did he guess that within some few years this very question was to exercise the brain of Valdez and other great Spanish captains.

Whilst he was thus occupied suddenly a rude voice called:

"Wake up, Spaniard," and a hard object—it was a green apple—struck him on his flat cap nearly knocking out the feather. Adrian leapt round with an oath, to catch sight of two lads, louts of about fifteen, projecting their tongues and jeering at him from behind the angles of the gate-house. Now Adrian was not popular with the youth of Leyden, and he knew it well. So, thinking it wisest to take no notice of this affront, he was about to continue on his way when one of the youths, made bold by impunity, stepped from his corner and bowed before him till the ragged cap in his hand touched the dust, saying, in a mocking voice:

"Hans, why do you disturb the noble hidalgo? Cannot you see that the noble hidalgo is going for a walk in the country to look for his most high father, the honourable duke of the Golden Fleece, to whom he is taking a cockly bird as a present?"

Adrian heard and winced at the sting of the insult, as a high-bred horse winces beneath the lash. Of a sudden rage boiled

in his veins like a fountain of fire, and drawing the dagger girdle, he rushed at the boys, dragging the hooded hawk, who became dislodged from his wrist, fluttering through the air. At that moment, indeed, he would have been killing one or both of them if he could have caught them. Fortunately for himself and them, being prepared for an onslaught they vanished this way and that up the narrow lanes. First he stopped, and, still shaking with wrath, replaced the hawk on his wrist and walked across the bridge.

"They shall pay for it," he muttered. "Oh! I will not let them forget."

Here it may be explained that of the story of his birth Adrian had heard something, but not all. He knew, for instance, that his father's name was Montalvo, that the marriage with his mother for some reason was declared to be illegal, and that he had fled from the Netherlands under a cloud to find his death, so he had told, abroad. More than this he did not know for certain, everybody showed a singular reticence in speaking to him on the subject, and on each occasion her face had turned as hard as stone, and she answered almost in the same words:

"Son, I beg you to be silent. When I am dead you will find all the story of your birth written down, but if you are wise you will not read it."

Once also he had asked the same question of his stepfather, Dirk van Goorl, whereupon Dirk looked ill at ease and answered: "Take my advice, lad, and be content to know that you are here and alive with friends to take care of you. Remember those who dig in churchyards find bones."

"Indeed," replied Adrian haughtily; "at least I trust that is nothing against my mother's reputation."

At these words, to his surprise, Dirk suddenly turned pale, his sheet and stepped towards him as though he were about to fly to his throat.

"You dare to doubt your mother," he began, "that angel of Heaven—" then ceased and added presently, "Go, I beg you, pardon me; I should have remembered that you at least are innocent, and it is but natural that the matter weighs upon your mind."

So Adrian went; also that proverb about churchyards and bones made such an impression on him that he did no more digging. In other words he ceased to ask questions, trying to console himself with the knowledge that, however his father might have behaved to his mother, at least he was a man of ancient rank and ancient blood, which blood was his to-day. The rest would be forgotten, although enough of it was still remembered to permit of his being taunted by those street louts, and when it was forgotten the blood, that precious blue blood of an hidalgo of Spain, must still remain his heritage.

CHAPTER XI.

ADRIAN RESCUES BEAUTY IN DISTRESS

ALL that long evening Adrian wandered about the causeways which pierced the meadowlands and marshes, pondering these things and picturing himself as having attained to the dignity of a grandee of Spain, perhaps even—who could tell—to the proud rank of Knight of the Golden Fleece entitled to stand covered in the presence of his Sovereign. More than one snipe and other fowl such as he had come to hawk rose at his feet, but so preoccupied was he that they were out of flight before he could unhound his falcon. At length, after he had passed the church of Weddinkvliet, and following the left bank of the Old Vliet, was opposite to the wood named Boshhuysen after the half-ruined castle that stood on it, he caught sight of a heron winging its homeward way to the heronry, and cast off his peregrine out of the hood. She saw the quarry at once and dashed towards it, whereon the heron, becoming aware of the approach of its enemy, began to make play, rising into the air in narrow circles. Swiftly the falcon climbed after it, wider rings till at length it hovered high above and stooped, but in vain. With a quick turn of the wings the heron avoided it, before the falcon could find its pitch again, was far on its way towards the wood.

Once more the peregrine climbed and stooped with a like result. A third time she soared upwards in great circles, and a third time rushed downwards, now striking the quarry full and binding it. Adrian, who was following their flight as fast as he could run, finding some of the dykes in his path and splashing through others, and paused to watch the end. For a moment hawk and quarry hung in the air two hundred feet above the tallest tree between them, for at the instant of its taking the heron had begun to descend to the grove for refuge, a struggling black dot against the glow of sunset. Then, still bound together, they rushed downward till, long, for their spread and fluttering wings did not serve to stay them, and vanished among the tree-tops.

"Now my good hawk will be killed in the boughs—oh! what a fool was I to fly so near the wood," thought Adrian to himself again he started forward.

Pushing on at his best pace, soon he was wandering about among the trees as near to that spot where he had seen the birds fall as could guess it, calling to the falcon and searching for her with his eyes. But here, in the dense grove, the fading light grew faint, that at length he was obliged to abandon the quest in despair. He turned to find his way to the Leyden road. When, within two paces of it, suddenly he came upon hawk and heron. The hawk was stone dead, and the brave falcon so injured that it seemed less to try to save it, for as he feared, they had crashed through the boughs of a tree in their fall. Adrian looked at her in dismay. He loved this bird, which was the best of its kind in the city, he had trained it himself from a nestling. Indeed there had always been a curious sympathy between himself and this fierce creature of which he made a companion as another man might of a dog. Even he noted with a sort of pride that, broken-winged and shattered though it was, its talons remained fixed in the back of the quarry and its beak through the neck.

He stroked the falcon's head, whereon the bird, recognising the loosened grip of the heron and tried to flutter to its accustomed perch upon his wrist, only to fall to the ground, where it lay waiting him with its bright eyes. Then, because there was no help for it although he choked with grief at the deed, Adrian struck it on the head with his staff until it died.

"Good-bye, friend," he muttered; "at least that is the best way to go hence, dying with a dead foe beneath," and, picking up the peregrine, he smoothed its ruffled feathers and placed it tenderly in his satchel.

Then it was, just as Adrian rose to his feet, standing beneath the shadow of the big oak upon which the birds had fallen, that coming from the road, which was separated from him by a little belt of undergrowth, he heard the sound of men's voices growling and threatening, and with them a woman's cry for help. At any other time he would have hesitated and reconnoitred, or, perhaps, have retreated at once, for he knew well the dangers of mixing himself up in the quarrels of wayfarers in those rough days. But the loss of the hawk had exasperated his nerves, making any excitement or adventure welcome to him. Therefore, without pausing to think, Adrian pushed forward through the brushwood to find himself in the midst of a curious scene.

Before him ran the grassy road or woodland lane. In the midst of it, sprawling on his back, for he had been pulled from his horse, lay a stout burgher, whose pockets were being rifled by a heavy-browed footpad, who from time to time, doubtless to keep him quiet, threatened his victim with a knife. On the pillion of the burgher's thickest Flemish horse, which was peacefully cropping at the grass, sat a middle-aged female, who seemed to be stricken dumb with terror, while a few paces away a second ruffian and a tall, bony woman were engaged in dragging a girl from the back of a mule.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, Adrian shouted:

"Come on, friends, here are the thieves," whereon the robber woman took to flight and the man wheeled round, as he turned snatching a naked knife from his girdle. But before he could lift it Adrian's heavy staff crashed down upon the point of his shoulder, causing him to drop the dagger with a howl of pain. Again the staff rose and fell, this time upon his head, staggering him and knocking off his cap, so that the light, such as it was, shone upon his villainous fat face, the fringe of sandy-coloured whisker running from throat to temples, and the bald head above, which Adrian knew at once for that of Hague Simon, or the Butcher. Fortunately for him, however, the Butcher was too surprised, or too much confused by the blow which he had received upon his head, to recognise his assailant. Nor, having lost his knife, and believing doubtless that Adrian was only the first of a troop of rescuers, did he seem inclined to continue the combat, but, calling to his companion to follow him, he began to run after the woman with a swiftness almost incredible in a man of his build and weight, turning presently into the brushwood, where he and his two fellow thieves vanished away.

Adrian dropped the point of his stick and looked round him, for the whole affair had been so sudden, and the rout of the enemy so complete, that he was tempted to believe he must be dreaming. Not eighty seconds ago he was hiding the dead falcon in his satchel, and now behold! he was a gallant knight who, unarmed, except for a dagger, which he forgot to draw, had conquered two sturdy knaves and a female accomplice, bristling with weapons, rescuing from their clutches Beauty (for doubtless the maiden was beautiful), and, incidentally, her wealthy relatives. Just then the lady, who had been dragged from the mule to the ground, where she still lay, struggled to her knees and looked up, thereby causing the hood of her travelling cloak to fall back from her head.

Thus it was, softened and illuminated by the last pale glow of this summer evening, that Adrian first saw the face of Elsa Brant, the woman upon whom, in the name of love, he was destined to bring so much sorrow.

The hero Adrian, overthrower of robbers, looked at the kneeling Elsa, and knew that she was lovely, as, under the circumstances, was right and fitting, and the rescued Elsa, gazing at the hero Adrian, admitted to herself that he was handsome, also that his appearance on the scene had been opportune, not to say providential.

Elsa Brant, the only child of that Hendrik Brant, the friend and cousin of Dirk van Goorl who has already figured in this history, was just nineteen. Her eyes, and her hair which curled, were brown, her complexion was pale, suggesting delicacy of constitution, her mouth small, with a turn of humour about it, and her chin rather large and firm. She was of middle height, if anything somewhat under it, with an exquisitely rounded and graceful figure and perfect hands. Lacking the stateliness of a Spanish beauty, and the coarse fullness of outline which has always been admired in the Netherlands, Elsa was still without doubt a beautiful woman, though how much of her charm was owing to her bodily attractions, and how much to her vivacious mien and to a certain stamp of individuality that was set upon her face in repose, and looked out of her clear large eyes when she was thoughtful, it would not be easy to determine. At any rate, her charms were sufficient to make a powerful impression upon Adrian, who, forgetting all about the Marchioness d'Ovanda, inspirer of sonnets, became enamoured of her then and there; partly for her own sake and partly because it was the right kind of thing for a deliverer to do.

But it cannot be said, however deep her feelings of gratitude, that Elsa became enamoured of Adrian. Undoubtedly, as she had recognised, he was handsome, and she much admired the readiness and force with which he had smitten that singularly loathsome-looking individual who had dragged her from the mule. But as it chanced, standing where he did, the shadow of his face lay on the grass beside her. It was a faint shadow, for the light was low, still it was there, and it fascinated her, for seen thus the fine features became sinister and cruel, and their smile of courtesy and admiration was transformed into a most unpleasant sneer. A trivial accident of light, no doubt, and foolish enough that Elsa should notice it under such circumstances. But notice it she did, and what is more, so quickly are the minds of women turned this way or that, and so illogically do they draw a right conclusion from some pure freak of chance, it raised her prejudice against him.

"Oh! Señor, said Elsa clasping her hands, "how can I thank you enough?"

This speech was short and not original. Yet there were two things about it that Adrian noted with satisfaction; first, that it was uttered in a soft and most attractive voice, and secondly, that the speaker supposed him to be a Spaniard of noble birth.

"Do not thank me at all, gracious lady," he replied, making his lowest bow. "To put to flight two robber rogues and a woman was no great feat, although I had but this staff for weapon," he added, perhaps with a view to impressing upon the maiden's mind that her assailants had been armed while he, the deliverer, was not.

"Ah!" she answered, "I daresay that a brave knight like you thinks nothing of fighting several men at once, but when that wretch with the big hands and the flat face caught hold of me I nearly died of fright. At the best of times I am a dreadful coward, and—no, I thank you, Señor, I can stand now and alone. See, here comes the Heer van Broekhoven under whose escort I am travelling, and look, he is bleeding. Oh! worthy friend, are you hurt?"

"Not much, Elsa," gasped the Heer, for he was still breathless with fright and exhaustion, "but that ruffian—may the hangman have him—gave me a dig in the shoulder with his knife as he rose to run. However," he added with satisfaction, "he got nothing from me, for I am an old traveller, and he never thought to look in my hat."

"I wonder why they attacked us?" said Elsa.

The Heer van Broekhoven rubbed his head thoughtfully. "To rob us, I suppose; but the queer thing is that they were expecting us, for I heard the woman say, 'Here they are; look for the letter on the girl, Butcher.'"

As he spoke Elsa's face turned grave, and Adrian saw her glance at the animal she had been riding and slip her arm through its rein.

"Worthy sir," went on Van Broekhoven, "tell us whom we have to thank."

"I am Adrian, called Van Goorl," Adrian replied with dignity.

"Van Goorl!" said the Heer. "Well, this is strange; Providence could not have arranged it better. Listen, wife," he went on, addressing the stout lady, who all this while had sat still upon the horse, so alarmed and bewildered that she could not speak, "here is a son of Dirk van Goorl, to whom we are charged to deliver Elsa."

"Indeed," answered the good woman, recovering herself somewhat. "I thought from the look of him that he was a Spanish nobleman. But whoever he is I am sure that we are all very much obliged to him, and if he could show us the way out of this dreadful wood, which doubtless is full of robbers, to the house of our kinsfolk, the Broekhovens of Leyden, I should be still more grateful."

"Madam, you have only to accept my escort, and I assure you that you need fear no more robbers. Might I in turn ask this young lady's name?"

"Certainly, young sir. She is Elsa Brant, the only child of Hendrik Brant, the famous goldsmith of The Hague, but doubtless now that you know her name you know all that also, for she must be some kind of cousin to you. Husband, help Elsa on to her mule."

"Let that be my duty," said Adrian, and, springing forward, he lifted Elsa to the saddle gracefully enough. Then, taking her mule by the bridle, he walked onwards through the wood praying in his heart that the Butcher and his companions would not find courage to attack them again before they were out of its depths.

"Tell me, sir, are you Foy?" asked Elsa in a puzzled voice.

"No," answered Adrian, shortly; "I am his brother."

"Ah! that explains it. You see I was perplexed, for I remember Foy when I was quite little; a beautiful boy, with blue eyes and yellow hair, who was always very kind to me. Once he stopped at my father's house at The Hague with his father."

"Indeed," said Adrian. "I am glad to hear that Foy was ever beautiful. I can only remember that he was very stupid, for I used to try to teach him. At any rate, I am afraid you will not think him beautiful now—that is, unless you admire young men who are almost as broad as they are long."

"Oh! Heer Adrian," she answered, laughing, "I am afraid that fault can be found with most of us North Holland folk, and myself among the number. You see it is given to very few of us to be tall and noble-looking like high-born Spaniards—not that I should wish to resemble any Spaniard, however lovely she might be," Elsa added, with a slight hardening of her voice and face. "But," she went on hurriedly, as though sorry that the remark had escaped her, "you, sir, and Foy are strangely unlike to be brothers; is it not so?"

"We are half-brothers," said Adrian looking straight before him; "we have the same mother only; but please do not call me 'sir,' call me 'cousin.'"

"No, I cannot do that," she replied gaily, "for Foy's mother is no relation of mine. I think that I must call you 'Sir Prince,' for, you see, you appeared at exactly the right time; just like the Prince in the fairy tales, you know."

Here was an opening not to be neglected by a young man of Adrian's stamp.

"Ah!" he said in a tender voice, and looking up at the lady with his dark eyes, "that is a happy name indeed. I would ask no better lot than to be your Prince, now and always charged to defend you from every danger." (Here, it may be explained that, however exaggerated his language, Adrian honestly meant what he said, seeing that already he was convinced that to be the husband of the beautiful heiress of one of the wealthiest men in the Netherlands would be a very satisfactory walk in life for a young man in his position.)

"Oh! Sir Prince," broke in Elsa hurriedly, for her cavalier's ardour was somewhat embarrassing, "you are telling the story wrong; the tale I mean did not go on like that at all. Don't you remember? The hero rescued the lady and handed her over—to—to her father."

"Of whom I think he came to claim her afterwards," replied Adrian with another languishing look, and a smile of conscious vanity at the neatness of his answer.

Their glances met, and suddenly Adrian became aware that Elsa's face had undergone a complete change. The piquante, half-amused look had passed out of it; now it was strained and hard and the eyes were frightened.

"Oh! now I understand the shadow—how strange," she exclaimed in a new voice.

"What is the matter? What is strange?" he asked.

"Oh!—only that your face reminded me so much of a man of whom I am terrified. No, no. I am foolish; it is nothing. Those footpads have upset me. Praise be to God that we are out of that dreadful wood! Look, neighbour Broekhoven, here is Leyden before us. Are not those red roofs pretty in the twilight, and how big the churches look. See, too, there is water all round the walls; it must be a very strong town. I should think that even the Spaniards could not take it, and oh! I am sure that it would be a good thing if we could find a city which we were quite, quite certain the Spaniards could never take—all, all of us," and she sighed heavily.

"If I were a Spanish general with a proper army," began Adrian pompously, "I could take Leyden easily enough. Only this afternoon I studied its weak spots, and made a plan of attack which could scarcely fail, seeing that the place would only be defended by a mob of untrained, half-armed burghers."

Again that curious look returned into Elsa's eyes.

"If you were a Spanish general," she said slowly. "How can you jest about such a thing as the sacking of a town by Spaniards? Do you know what it means? That is how they talk; I have heard them," and she shuddered, then went on, "You are not a Spaniard, are you, sir, that you can speak like that?" And without waiting for an answer Elsa urged her mule forward, leaving him a little behind.

Presently, as they passed through the quiet town, he was at her side again and chatting to her, but although she replied courteously enough, he felt that an invisible barrier had arisen between them. Yes, she had read his secret heart; it was as though she had been a party to his thoughts when he stood by the bridge this afternoon designing plans for the taking of Leyden, and half wishing that he might share in its sack. She mistrusted him, and was half afraid of him, and Adrian knew that it was so.

Ten minutes' ride through the quiet town, for in those days of terror and suspicion unless business took them abroad people did not frequent the streets much after sundown, brought the party to the Van Goorl's house in the Bree Straat. Here Adrian dismounted and tried to open the door, only to find that it was locked and barred. This seemed to exasperate a temper already somewhat excited by the various events and experiences of the day, and more especially by the change in Elsa's manner; at any rate he used the knocker with unnecessary energy. After a while, with much turning of keys and drawing of bolts, the door was opened, revealing Dirk and his stepfather standing in the passage, candle in hand, while behind, as though to be ready for any emergency, loomed the great stooping shape of Red Martin.

"Is that you, Adrian?" asked Dirk in a voice at once testy and relieved. "Then why did you not come to the side entrance instead of forcing us to unbar here?"

"Because I bring you a guest," replied Adrian pointing to Elsa and her companions. "It did not occur to me that you would wish guests to be smuggled in by a back door as though—as though they were ministers of our New Religion."

The bow had been drawn at a venture, but the shaft went home, for Dirk started and whispered: "Be silent, fool." Then he added aloud, "Guest! What guest?"

"It is I, cousin Dirk, I, Elsa, Hendrik Brant's daughter," she said, sliding from her mule.

"Elsa Brant!" ejaculated Dirk. "Why, how came you here?"

"I will tell you presently," she answered; "I cannot talk in the street," and she touched her lips with her finger. "These are my friends, the Van Broekhovens, under whose escort I have travelled from The Hague. They wish to go on to the house of their relations, the other Broekhovens, if someone will show them the way."

Then followed greetings and brief explanations. After these the Broekhovens departed to the house of their relatives, under the care of Martin, while, its saddle having been removed and carried into the house by Martin, at Elsa's express request, Adrian led the mule round to the stable.

(To be continued)

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THE war is virtually over, so are the General Elections. What excitements come next on the programme? The return of the City Imperial Volunteers is the first step homewards of the large Army which was despatched in dribbles to South Africa. General Buller, Lord Roberts, the Yeomanry, the Naval Brigade, and certain regiments of the regular Army may be expected back in quick succession, and the country will welcome them all alike with flags, fireworks and festivities. There are, however, ten thousand dead who will never return. How will the country perpetuate their memory? That a monument will be erected to their honour in South Africa is certain, but will there be no monument in London to commemorate their services?

The ordinary official—whether his position be great or small—works slowly; he calls it deliberately. The war in South Africa has had a switchback course; at one moment our forces have dipped into the hollows, at another they have risen to the crests. Heroic deeds have been accomplished, duty has been fulfilled at any risk, mind has overcome circumstances. The official mind at home has no doubt kept a precise record of these triumphs, but it is not emotional. Lord Roberts has not yet been promoted in the Peerage; Sir George White of Ladysmith, who withstood the initial invasion, is still awaiting the substantial recognition which he deserves; Colonel Kekewich, the defender of Kimberley, and General Baden-Powell, who saved Mafeking, are not yet adequately rewarded!

In a few weeks from this Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington, will retire from the Diplomatic Service. He has been the most successful British representative to the United States which this country has had for many years, and it is to be hoped that the Government will signalise its approval of his brilliant services either by promoting him to a Viscounty or by conferring on him some distinction which is not yet his.

Many Conservatives express the hope that Lord Salisbury may offer some small office in the Government to Mr. Winston Churchill should the opportunity occur for doing this. The name of Churchill still holds some of the charm which the late Lord Randolph accumulated around it during his short career, and his son by his abilities, his originality, his vigour and energy, and by the gift which he possesses for public speaking, has personal claims which the Government should not ignore.

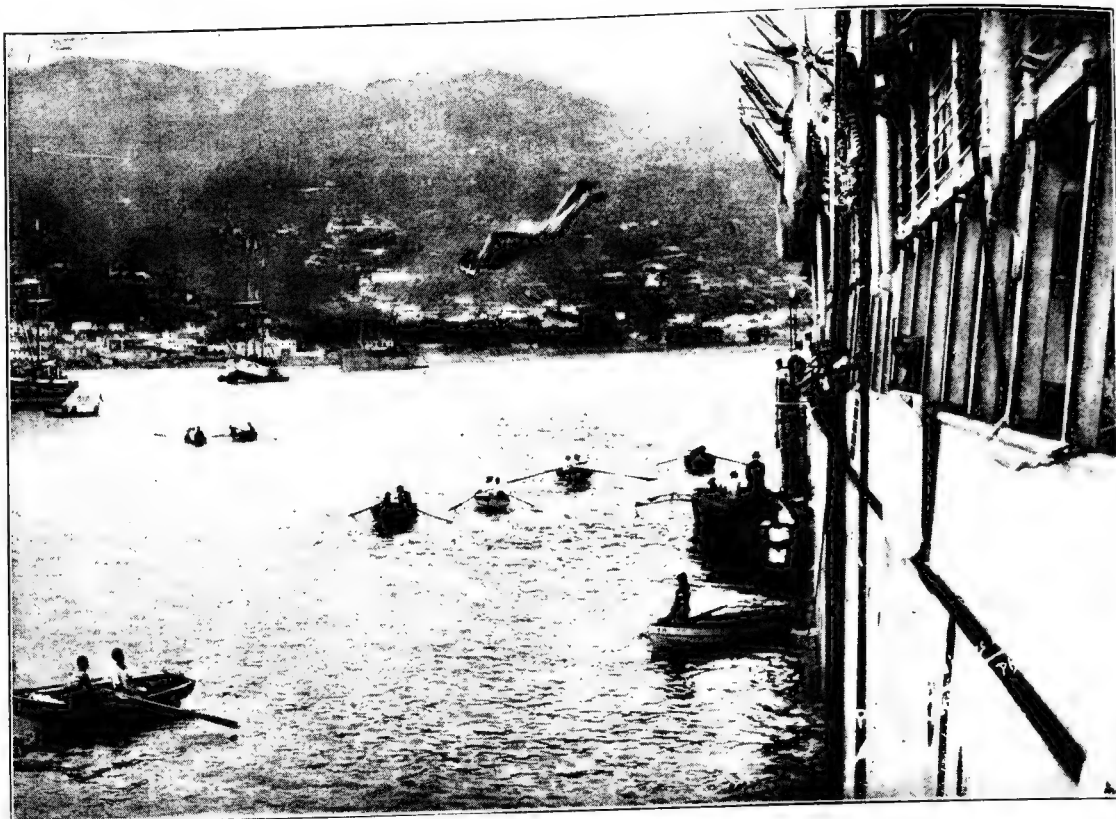
It should have been stated that the portrait of "Mark Twain," in our last issue, was by A. Dunn, Willesden.

The New Capital of China

SI-NGAN-FU, which, it seems, will become the new capital of China, is one of the most interesting, and, probably, the most ancient of Chinese cities. It is beautifully situated in a mountain-walled valley, to the south-west of the junction of the King Ho with the Wei Ho, and at a distance of some 800 miles from Peking. It is the most Chinese of Chinese cities, and is encircled with a strong wall, crenelated and quadrilateral, each side of which faces one of the cardinal points of the compass. The wall is built of bricks, and is some thirty-six feet in height, and some eight miles in circuit. All round the walls, at the distance of a bow-shot apart, are small square towers. Each wall is pierced by a gate, and a wide street leads from each gate to the centre of the city, where are the Imperial Palace and the residence of the present Governor of Shansi. The city contains an arsenal and a cannon foundry, whence modern weapons of war are turned out.

The unique position of Si-ngan-fu on the great trade route between Eastern Asia and the Middle Kingdom has given it for nearly three thousand years at least a position of the greatest commercial and political importance. It was the capital of China for several centuries, and is still not only one of the most prosperous cities of the Empire but also the true strategical centre of China. Its stores are filled with precious merchandise; but notwithstanding its great antiquity—for it is said to have been founded by the Martial King in the twelfth century B.C.—few ancient buildings remain. The site of the Palace of the Tang dynasty—which reigned from the seventh to early in the tenth century—is still shown. An archaeological museum of priceless value exists in the city, and contains a mass of tablets, inscriptions and designs whereby much of the history of the ancient dynasties of China may be reconstructed. The famous relics of the Hia, Shang and Chau dynasties are no longer in Si-ngan-fu, but were removed to Peking in A.D. 1126. The celebrated Christian monument—the earliest known to exist in Eastern Asia—dated the eighth century, and written in Syriac and Chinese characters, is still embedded in the wall of a Temple outside the western gate of the City.

Si-ngan-fu, or Si-King, as it was called in its most famous days, was the capital of several of the most potent dynasties of China. It was the metropolis of Shi Hoangti of the Tsin dynasty, the great Emperor whose conquests almost intersected those of his contemporary Ptolemy Euergetes. Under the name of Chang-an it was the capital of the Han Sovereigns, who reigned from B.C. 204 to A.D. 221. The city, however, reached the period of its greatest power, splendour and importance during the dynasty of the Tangs (A.D. 618 to 905),

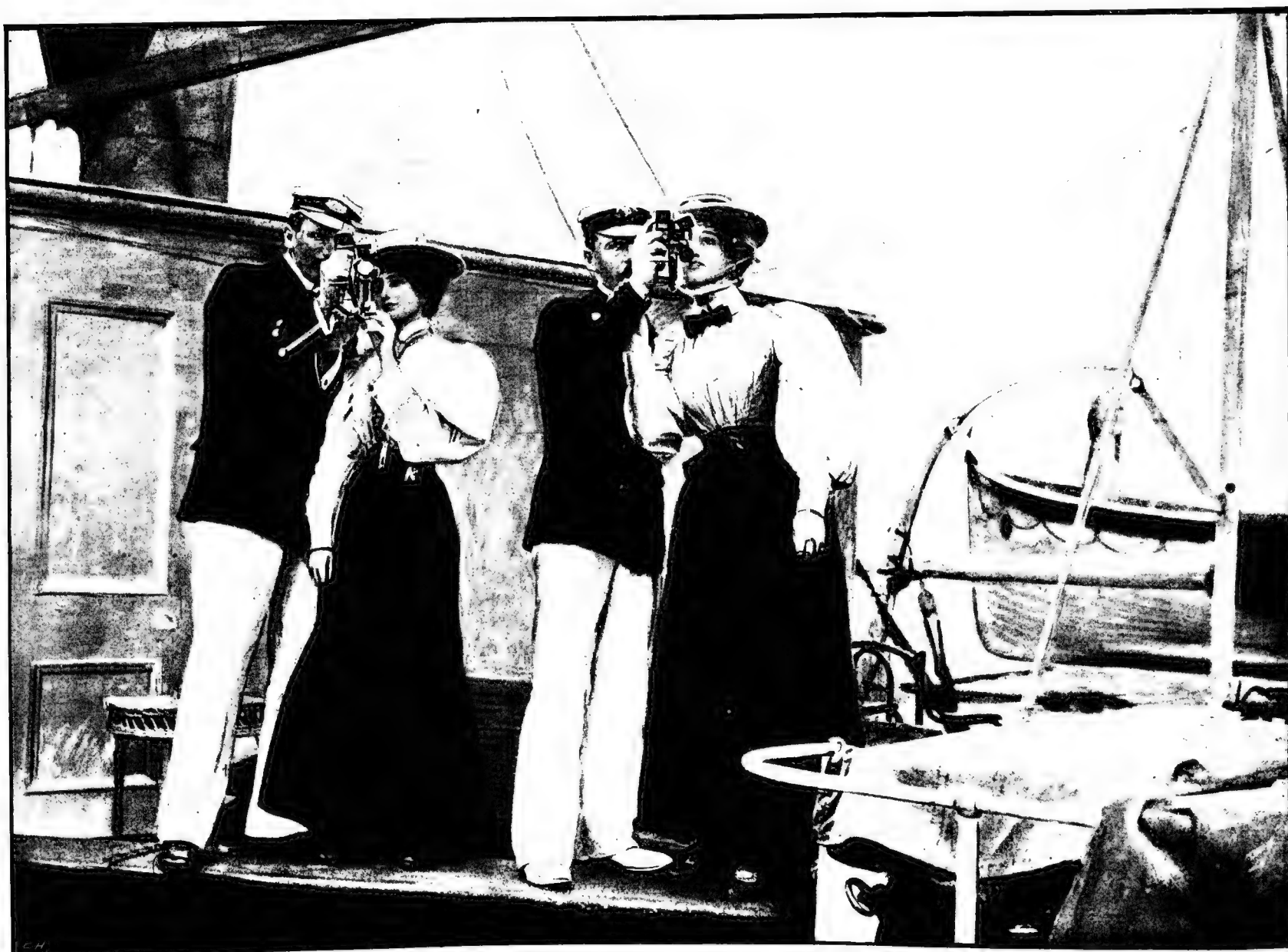


PORTUGUESE DIVERS AT MADEIRA
ON THE WAY HOME FROM SOUTH AFRICA
From a Photograph by H. W. Nicholls

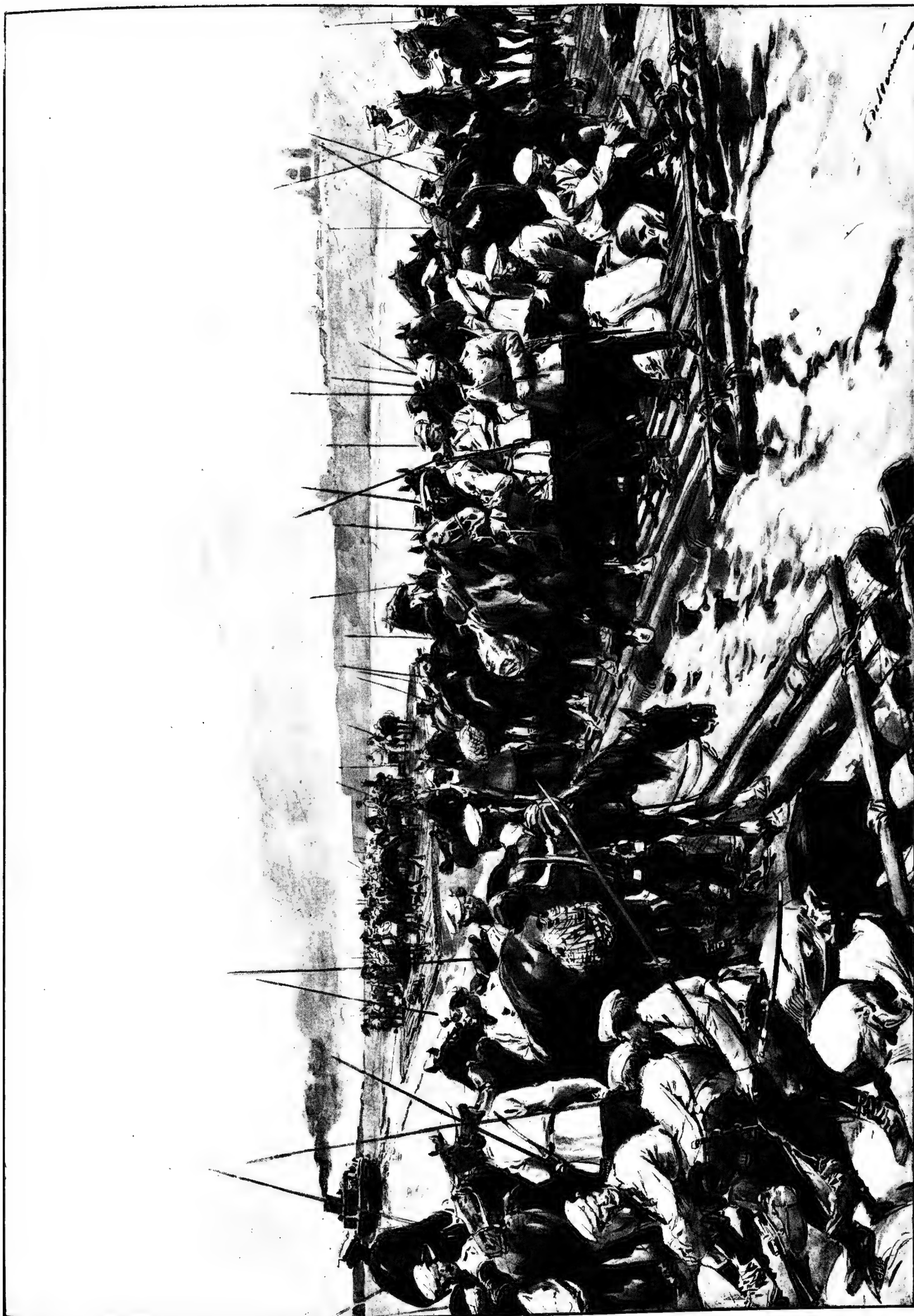
and was known then by the name of Si-King, or the Western Capital—a name which was familiar not only to the merchants of the whole of Asia, but also to those of Europe. The Mongol Sovereigns, after their conquest of China, called it King-tchao-fu, which was modified into Kenjanfu in Marco Polo's admirable account of the city, an account which applies to it in many particulars at the present day.

In 1861-2 the Mohammedan population in Si-ngan-fu and the adjoining districts rose in rebellion against Chinese authority, and for a time were successful in resisting it. It was owing to the strength of its walls that Si-ngan-fu at that time was not destroyed like Nan-king and other cities of the Empire. A large army of the rebels appeared before the

city, but were forced to retire after burning the suburbs. The thousands of Mohammedans in Si-ngan-fu at the time were imprisoned, and those in authority had the greatest difficulty in restraining the Chinese from massacring them. The Mohammedans possess eight mosques in the city at the present day, but they have been obliged to place therein the tablets of the Emperor and of Confucius. One of the sights of the neighbourhood of Si-ngan-fu is the curious Temple of Ta-fu-sz, which is a domed building containing a colossal figure of the Buddha fifty-six feet in height—both temple and idol being cut out of the solid rock. It is the reputed work of one of the Emperors of the Tang dynasty. The city of Si-ngan-fu is said to contain over a million inhabitants.



WILLING PUPILS AND INSTRUCTORS: TAKING THE SUN ON A MAIL BOAT
ON THE WAY FROM SOUTH AFRICA
From a Photograph by H. W. Nicholls



DRAWN BY F. DE HAESSEN

Hundreds of Cossacks were hurried down the Shilka and Anur on rafts to the invaded districts when the Manchus crossed the Siberian frontier. Some of the rafts were crushed on the way, and men and horses were drowned. Several times during the journey the enemy opened fire on the Cossacks from the river bank, but the hot fusillade returned from the rafts prevented them from doing much damage.

THE FIGHTING ON THE SIBERIAN FRONTIER: RUSSIANS GOING TO THE FRONT IN MANCHURIA

FROM A SKETCH BY J. WLADIMIROFF



Born Dec. 4, 1830

Died Oct. 16, 1900

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM LUSON THOMAS, R.I.
FOUNDER AND MANAGING DIRECTOR OF "THE GRAPHIC" AND "THE DAILY GRAPHIC"
From a Photograph by Mora, Brighton

The Late Mr. W. L. Thomas, R.I.

It is with the most profound regret that we announce the death of Mr. William Luson Thomas, R.I., the founder and managing director of *The Graphic* and *The Daily Graphic*, after an illness to which no immediately serious termination had been anticipated. Exactly what his death means to *The Graphic* only those who have lived and worked with him from its commencement can quite conceive. For many years he was *The Graphic* and *The Graphic* meant Mr. W. L. Thomas. Conceived, planned and started with foresight and boldness in the days when launching a new newspaper was a much greater event than now, it at once arrested the attention of the public and received a support which convinced its energetic founder that his venture was on the right lines. The new paper, if one may say so here, gave a splendid encouragement to the young draughtsmen of the period, and Mr. Thomas helped, as more than one has confessed, to develop by his shrewd criticism their originality no less than their fortunes. Even as he led the artists of the day so did he lead the public, and it is hard to realise in these days the condition of illustrated journalism in England in the days before *The Graphic* was started. "Few more shrewd and painstaking managers than Mr. William Thomas," says a well-known critic, "have started English journals; and certainly a paper which could boast of having upon its staff at the same time such artists as Walker, Pinwell, Herkomer, Fildes, Macbeth, Gregory, Houghton, Woods, Sydney Hall, Small, Linton, Charles Green, &c., was well equipped as far as quality was concerned;" it is to Mr. Thomas's credit that he to a great extent discovered and worked this vein of artistic genius to the benefit of all concerned. Born in 1830, some six years after his brother, George Thomas, the well-known painter, William Thomas very early gave evidence of artistic tastes, and engraving offered him the first stepping-stone towards his ambitions. His elder brother was then in Paris working as a very successful engraver—engraving then being a flourishing art and English engravers in considerable request—so to Paris he went, and subsequently the two brothers, both eager, both ambitious, joined their fortunes with those of a certain Chevalier Nykoff, and sailed to New York in company with Mr. George Thomas's partner, Mr. H. Harrison, to help to start a new illustrated paper. They helped to

start not one but three illustrated papers, which successively failed, before the elder brother's health breaking down they returned to England. To Rome then for a time they went, there to study, the while Garibaldians and then French were in possession of the city, after which Mr. Thomas came home, first to practise engraving under Mr. W. J. Linton, and then to start in business on his own account. Aided by a large staff, he prospered well, and illustrated and engraved many standard works, as well as doing much work for the *Illustrated London News*. Then came the days when *The Graphic* was first conceived. An engraver who cherished ambitions, who was a dreamer of dreams and a practical man to boot, was not likely to be satisfied long with a profession which is not satisfying. So it was with Mr. Thomas, and he has himself told very graphically the story of how his great venture came to be. Then, and for many years afterwards, he found his chief relaxation in water-colour painting, but "I was ready," he says, in an article which he wrote for the *Universal Review*, "I think I was prepared, for some big, interesting, far-reaching enterprise. And it was in this temper, and as an outcome of these circumstances, that I conceived the idea of, and founded, *The Graphic*."

"The originality of the scheme consisted in establishing a weekly illustrated journal open to all artists, whatever their method, instead of confining my staff to draughtsmen on wood, as had been hitherto the general custom. Added to this as an attraction, I hoped to enlist the services of writers of some literary distinction. Yet, for all that, it was a bold idea to attempt a new journal at the price of sixpence a copy in the face of the most successful and firmly established illustrated paper in the world, costing then only fivepence. I had, if I would carry out my darling scheme, to throw up an engraving business which commanded a good income. And yet, so strong, so vital, so compelling was the impulse within me that I cannot remember now if I hesitated. 'Well, poor mariners take their chance;' I took mine!"

"For one thing, if my pecuniary resources were small, I was blessed with numerous friends and relatives who trusted me; their faith in me went far; it was made of the stuff which endures, and if they thought me rash, they knew, at any rate, that I was honest. But what days those were! All compact of hopes and fears and good, honest, breathless excitement and steady purpose. I suppose I could hardly expect any one else to understand how it all comes back to me—the very touch and pressure of that past—as I forage among old dusty papers

for the material of this article,* reading over the well-remembered yellowing sheets. This one, a reply to my invitation to join the forlorn hope; this, the cordial, hearty hand-grip of the friend who will insist upon taking more risk than he ought in prudence to take; that other, the cool business-like answer of the especial capitalist from whom I had greatest expectations, and who politely sends me all his regrets; or the diffident questions of the nervous acquaintance, the man who at the last critical moment hesitates and explains and retires. What a world it evokes, what plans and possibilities, what hopes doomed to disappointment and fears which came to nothing, and bold experiment and sweet tasting, well-remembered success!"

An elder brother, a Brazilian merchant, flung himself into the scheme, bringing others with him, and the initial capital was raised. The title, which once sounded so strangely, was suggested by Mr. Thomas, and on December 4, 1869, the paper appeared, scoring an instant success, while the new journal's great opportunity came with the Franco-German War. From that time the story of Mr. Thomas's life might almost be said to be the story of *The Graphic* and *vice-versa*, so interwoven are the two. Exactly when the idea of *The Daily Graphic* occurred it would be difficult to say. Many had dreamt of an illustrated daily, but the knowledge and means to put such an idea into execution was beyond the many, even if mechanical difficulties had not barred the way. As soon, however, as the last stood a fair chance of being overcome, Mr. Thomas began to lay his plans, and twenty years after the appearance of *The Graphic* the foundation of a second success was laid, and London knew its first daily illustrated paper. Mr. Thomas, who by this time was sixty years of age, threw himself into the new undertaking, and piloted it to success with a vigour and energy no whit abated. Nothing escaped his vigilance, nothing shook his confidence in the future of the paper, in spite of the huge outlay which its initial production entailed. New and unforeseen difficulties arose, but they never shook his confidence in himself, while one and all associated with him were imbued with something of that same confidence. He always saw directly ahead to what was required, and rarely failed in his choice of men to carry his ideas into execution. However much, though, the two *Graphics* have engrossed his attention, and all his later life was bound up in them, Mr. Thomas's active mind found many other outlets. As has been mentioned, he was an excellent water-colour artist, and a

* "The Making of *The Graphic*," *Universal Review*, September 15, 1888

constant exhibitor at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, being elected first an associate, and subsequently a full member. Of late years he had painted but little, yet those who remember his pictures of travel will recall his clear eye for light and colour, and an exhibition of his work some few years since, from which purchases were made by the Queen and Prince of Wales, was a revelation to many. In the fortunes of the Institute he took a deep interest. He was instrumental in raising the money for the handsome new galleries, to which it removed from its old quarters in Pall Mall. He secured for it the prefix Royal, and he strove hard to bring about an amalgamation of the two Water-Colour Societies, so as to unite them both in Piccadilly, in the Royal Institute building erected by the company of which he was chairman. Those who only knew Mr. Thomas in the Strand, though, only half knew him. He had to be known among his books and pictures in South London, or at his garden at Chertsey, where he loved to spend such leisure as his active mind would allow him, wandering round his conservatories and stables, and tending his roses. Even here, though, it may be questioned whether he enjoyed that real leisure which is the prerogative of the man with a lazy mind. Wandering over his lawns in seeming idleness he was, more often than not, pondering over and developing ideas for the improvement of the papers in which he took so keen an interest, and fiercely though competition has burned since the days of his first success, his active

personality will be much missed by those who attend artistic functions, such as the Royal Academy Banquet and the various private views. He was a most successful chairman of charitable banquets, and even as recently as last year succeeded in obtaining a record subscription list for the Artists' Benevolent Institution, while other outlets for his energy are shown in the fact that he was a member of the Councils of the Society of Arts, of the Gordon Memorial Fund, and of the Royal Academy of Music, while he took a great interest in the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund. The Press Band again was his own conception, and he was a strong supporter of the Sunday opening of picture galleries. His loss is too recent for those who have been associated with him to have any clear realisation of what that loss means, so much was he a part of the journals which he created. But very many are those who will feel that with William Luson Thomas passes away not merely the loyal friend of the present, but one on whom hinge a host of pleasant memories down the long vista of years, and will feel a little older and somewhat sadder for the fact that another link connecting with the past has snapped, while those who worked with him here on the papers which are his life's monument, have mingled with their sincere regret a keener feeling which no words can convey. Mr. Thomas married, in 1854, Annie Carmichael, daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Carmichael, the well-known marine painter.

Satow, has now reached the Chinese capital—it was unanimously declared that two of the chief culprits—Tung-Fuh-Siang and Yue-Hsin—must be included in the "little list" of those who are to be condignly punished; that the penalties suggested in the Imperial Edict were inadequate; and that the proper penalties must be carried into effect by delegates of the Legations. Thus the German Emperor must now have the feeling that his modified proposal, as sifted and sanctioned by the representatives of the Powers at Peking, does not very materially differ from his demand for the handing over of the guilty as a condition precedent to all further negotiations for a settlement.

So much, then, for the German Note, which deals with reparation for the past; and the supplementary or complementary Note of M. Delcassé, treating of guarantees for the future (which were detailed in last week's *Graphic*), seems to have also achieved an analogous measure of success. So far the answers of the Powers constitute a distinct diplomatic success for France, which has scored no few successes of this kind in recent years. All the Powers have replied that they agree to the French proposal "in principle," but some of them—England and the United States, for example—express reservations and doubts on points of detail.

The Boers continue to oppose a very stubborn resistance to our arms in South Africa, not, it is true, in the way of regular but of guerilla warfare. A British loss of forty killed and wounded



A pleasant little ceremony took place on Monday night at the headquarters of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. Lieutenant Browne was presented with a service sword by the officers of his corps. He was one of the five officers from the Queen's Westminster who went out with the C.I.V.'s. He returned to this country on receiving a commission in the Regular Army, and is now returning to South Africa, having obtained an appointment in Baden-Powell's police force. Altogether 107 Queen's

Westminsters have been in the field. One hundred and nine served with the C.I.V.'s, thirty joined the Volunteer Service Corps of the King's Royal Rifles, one became attached to the Scots Guards, and one to the Army Medical Corps. Two took service in the I.A.C. battery, twenty-three in the Imperial Yeomanry, and one in the South African Light Horse. The presentation to Lieutenant Percy Browne was made by Colonel Sir Howard Vincent.

HONOUR FOR A C.I.V. OFFICER: A PRESENTATION AT THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER HEADQUARTERS

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Boxers and Boers

train never fell behind in the struggle. One of the most attractive features in *The Graphic* was the collection of Shakespeare's Heroines, an idea originated by Mr. Thomas, in which he invited the co-operation of the leading artists of the day, and he was commanded by the Queen to take the collection to Osborne for inspection. The relation in which he stood to all the foremost artists of the last quarter of a century brought him hosts of friends, and the inner story of his relations with those who were associated with him in the making of *The Graphic* is a chapter which only they could write. It should be mentioned that his introduction to the Continent of the brilliant school of English draughtsmen thirty years ago was quite a little revelation, and he was decorated "Officier de l'Instruction Publique" by the French Government. Mr. Thomas was a man of many charities, but none are likely to ever fully know the thousand and one acts of what might almost be called surreptitious kindness to those who had been less successful than himself, while those who wanted advice often benefited by his shrewd criticisms. He read and knew the direction of a young man's mind, said Professor Herkomer at the congratulatory dinner on the coming of age of *The Graphic*, before the young man knew it himself, "and I believe it is through this shrewdness of observation, this insight into human nature, that he has been able, as it were, to launch out artists in their own direction and make them the original artists that they are. I am speaking of those who work under him and for him. His criticism was often bitter, but always true, and I have a right to say that after twenty-one years." Mr. Thomas's face and striking

ON the whole, perhaps, it may be said that the most important incident in the history of the Chinese crisis during the past week has been the publication in the *Times* of the wonderfully graphic letters of Dr. Morrison detailing the origin of the late troubles and the siege of the Legations—letters which, taken in conjunction with the revelations simultaneously furnished by the correspondent of the *Standard* on the strength of official documents found in the Yamen of the Viceroy of Chi-li after the capture of Tientsin, leave no doubt whatever as to the complicity of the Imperial Government in the crimes for which it is now being called to account by the outraged Powers. Nor could these revelations have come at a more opportune moment than the present, when the Powers are courting the aid of public opinion to back them up in the steps they are taking to obtain reparation for the past and guarantees for the future. That these steps are likely to be crowned with ultimate success would seem to be promised by the gratifying fact that something like unity of diplomatic purpose, if not yet, perhaps, complete agreement in respect of their course of action, has now been established between the Allies. This unity of purpose has been announced to us no less from Peking than from Paris. At Peking it was the modified German proposal with reference to the punishment of the Boxer criminals which was under discussion, and at a conference of the diplomatic body there, summoned by Sir Claude MacDonald—whose successor, Sir Ernest

in one action—between Machadodorp and Heidelberg—is a heavy price to pay even for a "successful result" in a "country not hitherto visited by our troops;" and the era of "unfortunate accidents" does not yet seem to be over, in spite of the fact that the Boer armies, *quid* armies, have now practically ceased to exist. One of these "accidents" occurred at Keepmurden "owing to a train upsetting on the diversion over the Kaap River;" and "I regret to say," reported Lord Roberts, "that the casualties were very heavy" to a party of the Vlapontein garrison which proceeded along the line to ascertain the nature of the damage. Another Boer ambush, and another longish list of British officers and men killed and wounded! Similar incidents on a smaller scale are reported from other parts of what, by courtesy to the Boers, may still be called the seat of war; but still, on the whole, the balance of the account continues to swell slowly, if steadily, in our favour, as may be inferred from the daily increase in the number of our prisoners, of whom, says the Commander-in-Chief, "500 will shortly be despatched to Cape Town"—half of them to be divided between St. Helena and Ceylon. As for Mr. Kruger he has now set sail for Europe, and his example will be followed by General Buller, who has laid down his command and left for home. At Lydenburg he had a most enthusiastic send-off from his devoted troops, especially from his countrymen, the Devons, the drums and pipers of the Gordon Highlanders playing what one correspondent is made to call "Barren rocks, adieu!" which seems to be a curious telegraphic mutilation of "The Barren Rocks of Aden," a well-known Highland march.



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. V. FRIPP, R.W.S.

Our Artist writes:—"One cannot help admiring the resourcefulness of the Colonials. The other day I saw some men of the Victoria Mounted Rifles bring a refractory mule team along which had defied the efforts of the Kaffir driver. Our own soldiers would, in a like case, most likely have done for the waggon, harness and mules. The Colonials, armed with skill and intelligence, and soon the team was reduced to order."

COLLECTING FORAGE IN SOUTH AFRICA: HOW THE COLONIALS MANAGE A REFRACTORY MULE TEAM



LORD ALVERSTONE
APPOINTED LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND

Our Election Map

ONE of the most momentous of General Elections of our time has now been concluded. The results declared on Tuesday brought the contest to a close. Orkney and Shetland have still to poll, but as that constituency has been invariably Liberal, we may take it for granted that it will be so again, and draw our conclusions on the result without waiting for that return. The map which we give as a supplement will show where each party has gained support, and the following table gives an analysis of the returns and the constitution of the New House of Commons:—

Conservatives	332	401
Liberal Unionists	69	
Liberals	187	269
Nationalists	82	

Total
Unionist majority

670
132

	Total Seats	C.	L.U.	L.	N.
England (465 seats):					
London ..	61	52	1	8	—
Boroughs ..	165	105	20	39	1
Counties ..	234	133	23	78	—
Universities ..	5	3	2	—	—
Wales (30 seats):					
Boroughs ..	11	3	—	8	—
Counties ..	19	1	—	18	—
Scotland (72 seats):					
Boroughs ..	31	6	10	15	—
Counties ..	39	11	8	20	—
Universities ..	2	1	1	—	—
Ireland (103 seats):					
Boroughs ..	16	5	1	—	10
Counties ..	85	11	2	1	71
Universities ..	2	1	1	—	—
	670	332	69	187	82

The late Government came into office with a majority of 150, and appealed to the country with a majority of 128. Seventy-two seats have changed Parties, the Unionists gaining 37 seats and the Liberals 35—a net gain of one to the Unionists, whose majority now is therefore raised to 132.

THE METROPOLIS

A glance at the map will show that the Liberals hold only 8 seats in London. If we include West Ham the metropolitan seats number 61. In these there have been five changes. The Unionists gained three seats, Hoxton, Stepney and Bethnal Green, S.W., and the Liberals two, Camberwell and Haggerston. The win at Stepney was particularly acceptable, for the seat had been won at a bye-election in 1898 by the Liberals by the narrow majority of 20, which has now been converted into a Conservative majority of 1,065 by Major W. E. Gordon. In Bethnal Green, S.W., Mr. Pickersgill, whose majority in 1895 was 279, has been defeated by Mr. F. S. Ridley by 348. In Hoxton, the Liberal majority of 128 has been converted, by the Hon. C. G. Hay, who defeated Mr. J. Stuart, into a Conservative majority of 271; while in the sister constituency of Haggerston Mr. Cremer has displaced the old Conservative member, Mr. Lowles, by the narrow margin of 20 votes. At Camberwell North the Liberals won a notable victory, Mr. T. J.

Macnamara succeeding in converting a Conservative majority of 693 into a Liberal majority of 1,335.

ENGLISH BOROUGHES

In the English boroughs (165 seats) there have been 25 changes, the Unionists gaining 15, and the Liberals 10 seats, as follows:—

UNIONIST	LIBERAL
Plymouth	Derby (2)
Leicester	Goucester
Middlesbrough	Grantham
Oldham	Hartlepool
Stockton-on-Tees	Hastings
Sheffield (Brightside)	Maidstone
Sunderland	Northampton
Leeds, East	Walsall
Hanley	Wolverhampton (S.)
Burnley	
Newcastle-under-Lyne	
Portsmouth (2)	
Southampton	
Monmouth	

One of the most surprising of these changes is that at Leicester, which has regularly returned two Liberals, and has now placed Sir J. Rolleston (C) second on the poll. The gain at Burnley is significant. Here Mr. Philip Stanhope, whose election campaign was distinguished by the vehemence with which he attacked Mr. Chamberlain, was defeated by 600 on a heavy poll by Mr. W. Mitchell (C). The large towns—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and others—with over two members continue to support the Government almost unanimously.

ENGLISH COUNTIES

In the English counties the Liberals have slightly improved their position. The Unionists gained ten seats and the Liberals sixteen. Even with the net loss of six seats, the Unionists still hold 156 out of the 234 seats. One of the most noticeable of the Unionist gains was that at Cumberland (Cockermouth), where Sir Wilfrid Lawson was defeated by Mr. J. S. Randles, who turned a Liberal majority of 241 into a

Conservative majority of 209. The map shows that south of the Thames the counties, with a very few exceptions, in the West have gone solid for the Government; so, too, round Birmingham there is the same tale. The following is a complete list of Party gains:—

UNIONISTS, 10

Devon, Tavistock
Cumberland, Cockermouth
" Eskdale
Durham, S.E.
Essex, Walthamstow

Lancashire, Middleton
" Southport
Lincolnshire, Gainsborough
Northumberland, Tyneside
Staffordshire, Burton

LIBERALS, 16

Cambridge, Wisbech
Cheshire, Crewe
Cornwall, Camborne
Derby, High Peak
Devon, Barnstaple
" Torquay
Gloucester, Stroud
Lancashire, Lancaster

Lancashire, Radcliffe
Lincolnshire, Spalding
Northampton, Mid
Warwick, Rugby
Westmoreland, Appleby
Wilts, Westbury
Yorks, Otley
" Skipton



LORD JUSTICE SIR A. L. SMITH
Appointed Master of the Rolls

WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND

In Wales the Liberals gained four seats, Cardiff, Carmarthen, Radnorshire, and Swansea Town. In Scotland, on the other hand, the Unionists gained seven seats, Aberdeen East, Dumfriesshire, Edinburgh South, Glasgow Blackfriars, Glasgow Bridgeton, Sutherland, and Wick, while the Liberals gained only one seat, Inverness-shire. In Ireland the Unionists gained two seats, Galway City and Londonderry City, and lost two to the Nationalists, Dublin St. Stephen's Green and Dublin County South. At the last-named Mr. Horace Plunkett lost his seat.

Legal Appointments

LORD ALVERSTONE, Master of the Rolls, who has been appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, in the room of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, was born not quite fifty-eight years ago. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1868, became a Q.C. in 1878, and acquired a large practice. He was Attorney-General in Lord Salisbury's first Parliament (1885), and held the office again from 1886 to 1892. While Attorney-General in that Administration he appeared as leading counsel for the *Times* before the Parnell Commission. More recently he was leading counsel in the trial of the Jameson Raiders. The Right Hon. Sir Archibald L. Smith, Lord Justice of Appeal, who succeeds Lord Alverstone, is a son of the late Francis Smith, of Salt Hill, Chichester. Born in 1836 and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1860. He was a Judge of the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division, from 1883 to 1892, since when he has been Lord Justice of Appeal. He was one of the three Commissioners of the Parnell Special Commission. Our portraits are by Russell and Sons.



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

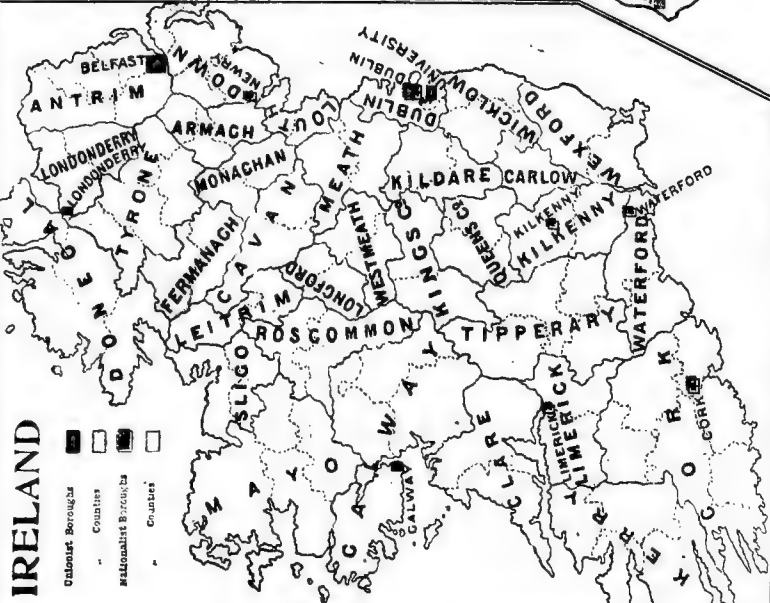
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. M. ROCHE, DUBLIN

A bog several acres in extent, situated near Lisdoonvarna, county Clare, began to move on Tuesday last week, owing to recent heavy rains. Gathering momentum as it rolled forward, the bog pushed its way in an overwhelming mass across some low-lying lands, completely covering a dwelling-house which stood in its way. The only inmates of the house were Mrs. McCarthy, a widow, aged sixty-eight, and a woman named Egan, aged twenty-eight. Both perished. The damage done by the bog slide was very extensive. To add to the distress of the people of the district, they had just completed arrangements for purchasing their holdings under the Land Act. All the crops have been destroyed, and the land will be quite useless for a considerable time. There is a clearly defined track of semi-liquid black peat mud for nearly a mile across country, and the public road, with an average breadth of 100 yards and a depth at the shallowest point of 4 ft. Should there be a heavy rainfall it is feared that there will be further destructive slips. At the inquest on the bodies of the two victims, Mrs. McCarthy and the woman Egan, it was stated that the approach of the bog resembled a huge wave moving silently along. The wave struck McCarthy's house at the end and the building immediately collapsed.

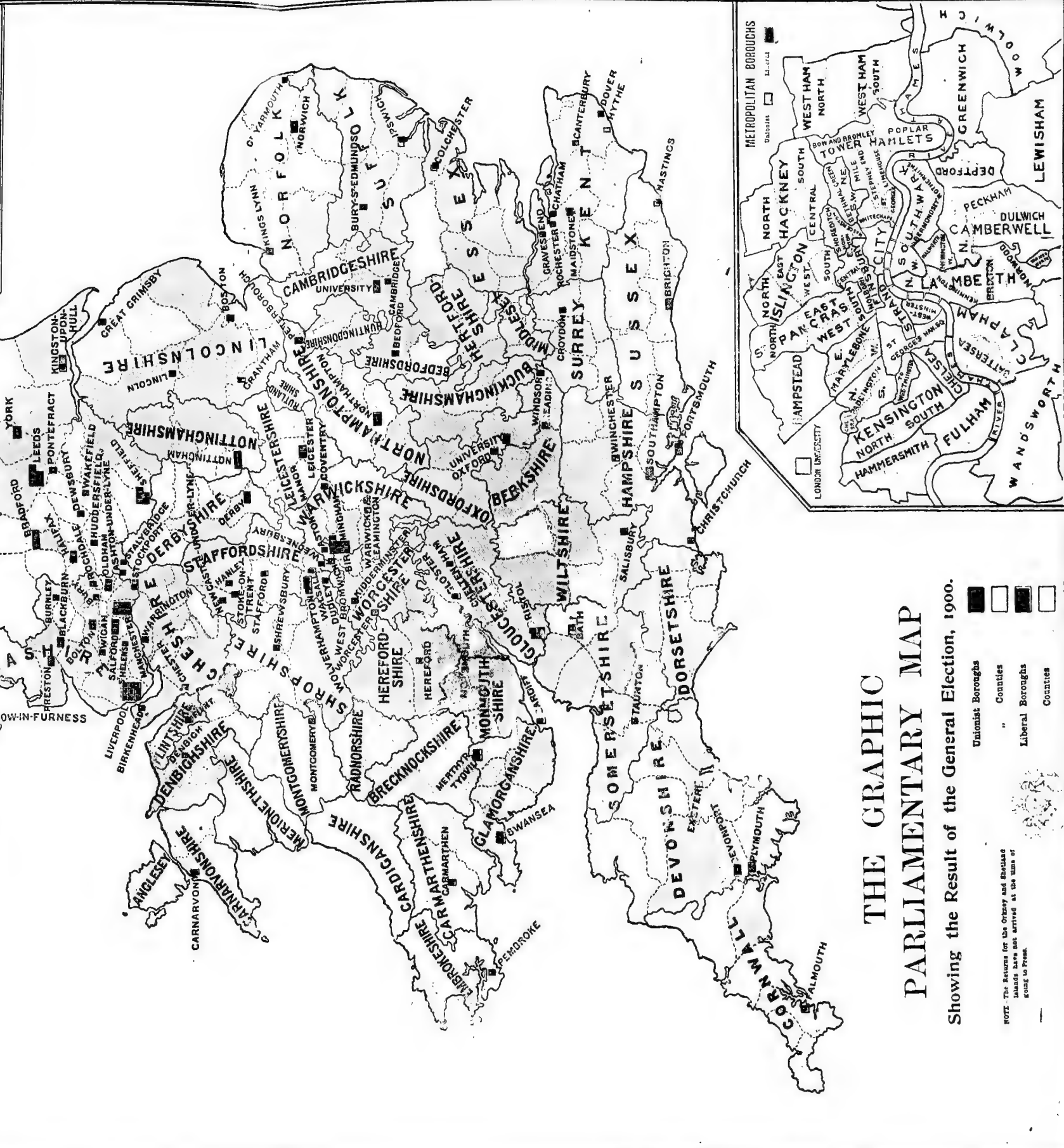
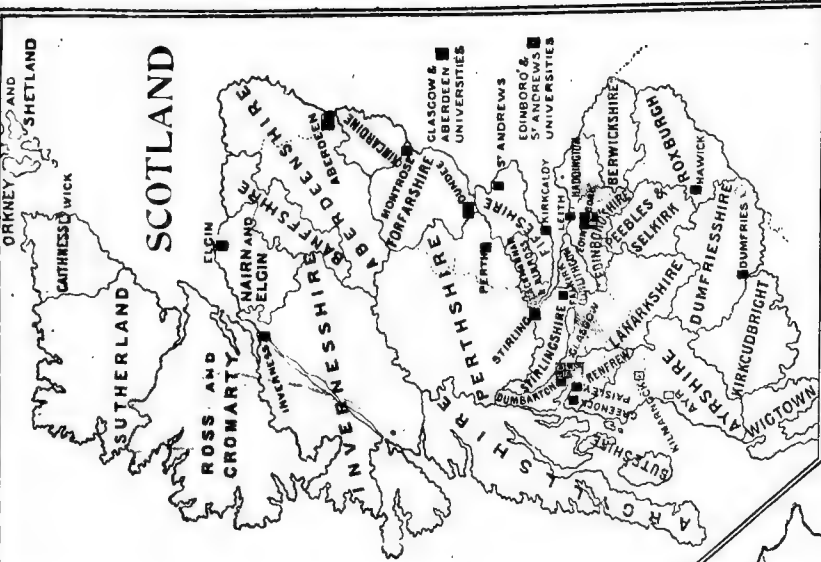
THE DISASTER IN COUNTY CLARE: THE TRACK OF THE BOG

IRELAND

Unionist Boroughs
 " Counties
 Nationalist Boroughs
 " Counties



Supplement to The Graphic



THE GRAPHIC PARLIAMENTARY MAP

Showing the Result of the General Election, 1900.

Unionist Boroughs
 " Counties
 Liberal Boroughs
 " Counties

NOTE: The Returns for the Orkney and Shetland Islands have not arrived at the time of going to press.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

AFTER the elections come the autumn sports and pastimes, racing, hunting, and shooting. In the two former ladies take a deep and ever-increasing interest. In old days the company at Newmarket was extremely select and aristocratic. Only real sportsmen and owners of horses cared for the place, while their wives formed a small and singularly intimate coterie. We may read all about it in the Greville memoirs, where the names of the beautiful sisters, Mrs. Anson, Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford, are so frequently mentioned. People got up early, cantered round on the Heath, or drove leisurely about; there was no Grand Stand, no public scarcely, no special trains bringing a load of visitors from London, no telegraph to flash the news, and no crowd of strangers. But with these exceptions Newmarket has not changed much; the great nobility, the principal horse owners, still have their houses there, still ride about, still attend regularly, and love Newmarket beyond any other meeting. The smart ladies still cling together in a clique, dress is simpler, life more homely than at any other race-meeting, while the air is fine enough to blow away the cares of statesmen, the worry of city life, and the bustle of Society.

The woman who loves Newmarket and cares for hunting is, as a rule, one to whom the pleasures of London appeal but little. Open air and exercise are what she delights in, and her only cosmetics are the dew of the early morning, the invigorating gallop, and the sweet repose earned by healthful activity; these are the secrets of good looks, as long ago practised by Diane de Poitiers, who preserved her beauty to a great age, and invariably took a cold bath, drank only water, and went out for a ride before breakfast. The life of the hunting woman is a very pleasant one. Her vanity lies in her perfectly appointed habit, her handsome, well-groomed horse, and the neat appearance she is able to present at the end of a hard day's work. Every one in the hunting field has a cheery word, a bright smile, and there is an air of good fellowship about all. Plenty to see, to do, and to talk about prevents all lassitude and stagnation, and obviates any possibility of ennui, the bugbear of the Londoner. A week-end run up to town to do the theatres and restaurants completes a programme which, perhaps, gives the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of disappointment.

The prevalence of motor-cars opens up a very awful vista in the future. Some people cannot bear the sound of railways; they dislike the din, rattle, and dust. But what is to be done with motor-cars causing the same annoyance along every rural road? We read in the accounts of a recent election how the candidate did 160 miles a day on his motor, which was guaranteed to travel at the rate of forty miles an hour, the speed of an express train. In addition the voters were brought to the poll in a steam wagonette, which travelled backwards and forwards at the pace of another express. No longer can children play in country lanes, or the quiet pedestrians gather wayside flowers, no longer can the nursemaid go for a stroll with the baby in the perambulator, or the lame man warm himself in the sunshine. The whole of England will be one vast railway track, the silence of the fields broken by shrill whistles and harsh rumbling sounds, while the dust flies around in clouds, blinding and confusing those who presume to attempt to admire the beauties of nature.

Hockey is becoming quite a fashionable game for women, but though no doubt amusing and healthful, it is certainly not suited to feminine dress. A special costume is necessary in order that the player may really do justice to her agility, and here the eternal convention steps in. All rough sports become a mere farce when indulged in in petticoats, and it is not easy for women to play in open fields except clad in the ordinary feminine garb. It matters less when only women play together, but in a mixed set the hand-capping of women by their petticoats becomes painfully obvious.

Petticoats, however, will continue to flourish, and the Parisian modiste displays ever new ingenuity in trimming, devising and designing them. This summer the most fascinating confections made their appearance. Everything was composed of lace, chiffon, tulle, and the finest of muslin. The winter modes will not be outdone. Petticoats are to match the corsets, and to be a dream of the most aerial and fluffiest effects. Flounces of all kinds and shapes, with ruffles, insertions of lace and scalloped edges will be set together by the ingenious fingers of the milliner, so that the petticoat becomes a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. True, such petticoats will not be useful in a muddy lane; but then no French *élégante* ever walks in a muddy lane!

"Jan the Icelandeer"

THE opening chapter of Mr. Hall Caine's new story, which appears in *The Golden Penny* this week, gives promise of a romantic narrative of great power.

Lawrence Clough, the hero of the story, lives in the little town of Sixoaks, in Kent, in the days when railways were only just being heard of, and the telegraph had not yet been invented. He is a Kentish squire, a good fellow at heart, "no one's enemy but his own" except the wife and little child whom he has brought to ruin. His house and effects are being sold by auction. Larry, as he is called, hopes to save the house out of a small legacy from his mother. At the auction the sinister figure of the story appears in the shape of a Captain Crow, who has returned from the whale fishing in Iceland with a fortune. For some unexplained reason Crow monstrosously outbids Larry, and so gains possession of the house.

During the evening another meeting takes place. It is between Crow and Larry's wife, Lucy. It appears that this man has early in his life conceived a strong passion for Lucy, a passion which, although he has been married in the interval, has never abated. "He has bought the house for her," he tells her, and her husband is going away to the Iceland whaling. The scene is one of dramatic intensity, ending with Lucy's declaration:—

"I am homeless and so is my child, but rather than live in a palace with you, and a better man sent to certain death, I would tramp the streets and beg from door to door."

The author has in this work chosen the swift and direct methods which go to the writing of a play, the result being that in this opening chapter we feel that we are already on the verge of a tremendous scene from which a story of tragic passion will develop.



The cloak is made of white Liberty satin, overlaid with black Chantilly lace in deep vandykes, and edged with frills of the lace and white silk muslin. On the shoulders are puffs of black tulle over black silk muslin, strapped with narrow black velvet ribbon.

A PRETTY OPERA CLOAK

Theatrical Notes

GERMAN PERFORMANCES IN LONDON

HERR FULDA's comedy, *Jugendfreunde*, with which the company of the "Deutsches Theater in London" commenced their season of German performances at the COMEDY Theatre last week does not give a very favourable idea of the modern German drama. It is a piece of a rather old-fashioned pattern, showing how the members of a certain Batchelors' Club were cured of their aversion from the other sex by that force of circumstances which many misogynists, both before and since Signor Benedick, have been compelled to acknowledge. When Philip Winkler, the composer, in a sheepish and shamefaced way, is fain to confess that he has broken the fundamental rule of the club and become affianced to a quite exceptionally delightful young lady, who can fail to foresee the process of disintegration which is about to manifest itself within the walls of this ungallant institution? And when Bruno Martens, the wealthy man of letters and founder of the club, determines to employ a clever lady secretary in the person of Dora Lenz, by way of making his resistance to the power of women's fascination all the more striking, what spectator versed in the traditions of the drama can doubt for a moment that the ultimate result will be altogether in the other direction? Some amusement is extracted by the German playwright out of the dissensions of the lady intruders, in which their newly converted admirers are naturally involved. The dialogue is slightly, and the excellent acting of the company, among whom Herr Nollet, who played Martens, and Fräulein Dora, who appeared as the vulgar but attractive Toni, deserve special mention, contributes much to the success of the performance.

The "Prologue for the Theatre," from Goethe's *Faust*, which was also included in the programme, provides for those patrons of the theatre who are careful to arrive early a mild feast of satire in the dialogue between the Manager, the Dramatic Poet and the lively Philistine. On Friday in the current week Hauptmann's *Fuhrmann Henschell* took the place of Herr Fulda's comedy. Meanwhile, the competing company of the German Dramatic Society, under the direction of Herr Carl Schoenfeld, continue to exhibit their amazing activity, nor does either of these courageous enterprises appear to be more anxious than the other not to be confounded with its rival.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play, *The Likeness of the Night*, of the alleged resemblance of which to Mr. Grundy's new comedy at the ST. JAMES's the public have heard so much of late, was produced on Thursday evening at the ROYAL COURT Theatre, Liverpool, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the principal parts. Londoners, however, who may desire to compare it with *A Debt of Honour* must wait awhile, the autumn tour of the Kendal Company being as yet but half completed. It will end about the middle of December at the ROYAL Theatre, Brighton.

Saturday, the 27th inst., is the date arranged by Mrs. Patrick Campbell for the reopening of the ROYALTY with Mr. Frank Harris's new play, *Mr. and Mrs. Daventry*. It is a comedy of modern English life, in which the leading parts will be played by Mr. Fred Kerr and Mrs. Campbell. The action passes first at Mr. Daventry's country house, then in London and at Monte Carlo.

Another date of interest to the play-going public has been announced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who will produce Mr. Stephen Phillips's poetical play, entitled *Herod*, at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre on the 31st inst. It is understood that although the action passes in one scene the play affords abundant scope for effective stage-management. The first two acts will be concerned with the death of Queen Marianne, which has already furnished a theme to writers of tragedy in England, Germany and France; the next and last act depicts the madness of the remorseful King.

Sir Henry Irving, who has been rendering such splendid service this week in connection with the great matinée for the benefit of the Galveston sufferers at DRURY LANE, will be "on the road again"—as the travelling companies say—next week. He will appear, with Miss Ellen Terry and the LYCEUM company, at Manchester on Monday, and will thence visit some half-dozen of the most important cities in England and Scotland.

Colonel Cromwell at the GLOBE, which was to have been withdrawn at the end of last week, is to be allowed a few nights' grace. The new musical piece, entitled *The Gay Freretenders*, in which the Messrs. Grossmith, *père et fils*, are to appear, will take its place on the 10th of next month.

W. M. T.

Lord Rosebery*

EXCEEDINGLY opportune is the publication of the two handsome volumes by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., dealing with Lord Rosebery's life and speeches, but there is possibly a little disappointment in the fact that the appearance of the book is not even yet more opportune. No one was quite certain whether the election might not have surprises in store. No one was quite certain that in the unlikely event of a surprise Lord Rosebery might not be persuaded to take a more prominent place in the counsels of his Party, but neither of these things was to be, and Lord Rosebery, despite his great abilities, his great advantages, and his striking personality, despite even Mr. Coates's book, still remains something of a dark horse, something of an enigma. Year in and year out he has busied himself laying the solid foundations for a splendid career, but the brilliant statesman has yet to be revealed. It would be hardly fair to say that he has the reputation of being able to do anything because he has done nothing, because his admirable work at the County Council, his speeches on behalf of education and the Imperialistic idea, and his brief tenure of office, all, to a certain extent, showed his powers and aims, yet, notwithstanding, he is something of a mystery—"a sphinx with moments of self-revelation," someone not inaptly said once—and on the principle that to be comprehensible is to be found out, he has never allowed his attitude to be quite intelligible to the multitude. Possibly, though, Mr. Coates, in his whole-hearted admiration, might dispute this. Lord Rosebery, on the principle that lookers-on see most of the game, finds looking on the most fascinating part of the game. He never attempts, though, to conceal the fact that it is a game, as when he cynically remarked the other day that most sensible men never read the speeches delivered on either side during an election and in the abstention found happiness. An enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Gladstone, possibly for the reason that he found in the veteran statesman the fervour which he lacks, he was especially designated as his successor. But when unexpected difficulties arose and the box of bricks would not lend themselves to the building of a nice Liberal house, he did not come triumphantly out of the struggle, but retired sulkily and has never since made up his mind to come down from the house-tops. The Liberal Party is not suffering at the present moment from the want of a Leader who will come and lead it when all its factious spirits have been welded together and its programme printed on one sheet. It suffers from the lack of a man whose personality and influence shall be strong enough to weld it together and lead it to victory, and Lord Rosebery, who dropped Elijah's mantle by the way and left it to be rent in pieces among half a dozen, seems in no way disposed to attempt the ungrateful task. Of Lord Rosebery's life there is little to be said. He had the magnificent advantages attaching to his station. He went through the usual course of those similarly situated, Eton, Oxford, and travel. He was studious and also athletic, and very early we have some promise of his coming capabilities in the way of making those speeches which, whatever their failings from the mere political point of view, invariably attract attention for their wit, scholarship and interest. We get one or two very good little glimpses of him at Eton, as when his old master, William Cory, writing to a friend about Lord Dalmeny's progress, says:—

I am doing all I can to make him a scholar; anyhow, he will be an orator and, if not a poet, such a man as poets delight in.

While further letters show how even thus early the subject of this memoir had become fascinated by Pitt, to whom he has since paid such splendid tribute. On his grandfather's death he took his seat in the House of Lords, but for some years was content to be more the attentive listener than the talker, in the meantime devoting himself to reading, travel, investigating such favourite subjects as the houses of the working classes and technical education, and, last but not least, indulging in that sport which at different times has brought down on him such wrath, namely, horse-racing. But Lord Rosebery, cool, level-headed and unemotional, is just one of the men who come to no harm through horse-racing, and his interest in it only illustrates one more phase of his many-sided character. Thus we gather, from a speech made at a banquet to J. L. Toole, that he took a keen interest in the theatre:—

It has only reached me by a side wind that reliable statistics have proved that no young man of my age has ever spent so much money in stalls to hear Mr. Toole as I have. I used attentively to attend Mr. Toole's performances, and I have only to mention as a drawback to those who may feel inclined to follow my example that, though you could have heard a pin drop in the house, and though I had read Mill's "Logic" for hours and hours before going to the theatre, yet, when I returned home and attempted to draw up an abstract of the speech I had heard, it was not so clear or so logical as I should have expected from so eminent a man.

This last is with reference to "those perplexing orations which Mr. Toole was in the habit of delivering," speeches "sublime in execution" but "mysterious in their delivery."

Some of the most interesting chapters in the book deal with Lord Rosebery's friendship with Mr. Gladstone and with incidents of the Midlothian campaigns, when the great leader was often the guest of his young friend; but it is a little amusing now, when Lord Rosebery has a name as one of the apostles of Imperialism, to find him in 1879 speaking as follows:—

There is no doubt that the part of a recent speech of the Prime Minister to which we are meant to give attention is the watchword, *Imperium et Libertas*. That is a watchword which ought not to be rashly arrogated to any political party. I will not discuss at any length whether our Empire is liberty, but I maintain that the carrying out of a very dangerous and wild policy, which has involved a large expenditure and a large loss of life, without consulting the country in any way whatever, is substantially an infringement of our liberties. If the country's taxes are spent, and the blood of its citizens shed, without the people being consulted, I presume that they are not in a state of absolute freedom. But it is about the word "Empire" that I always feel a gloomy foreboding. Her Majesty's Government use it as the last and sacred standard, and I confess I am still trembling with foreboding when I think of the way in which the Prime Minister used it the other day. In the mouths of Her Majesty's Ministers, "Empire" is not a word of good omen. It used to be the boast of our greatest statesmen that the English were proud to extend to others those blessings they enjoyed themselves, and it is the most regrettable part of the policy of Her Majesty's Government that they have broken that tradition and keep liberty as a luxury for home consumption.

But for the modification of views the speech might have been spoken yesterday, substituting the Boers for the Zulu and Afghan wars. Mr. Coates has made his book exhaustive at the risk of making it dull. As a matter of fact it contains a vast amount of tedious matter, for the majority of speeches, no matter by whom

* "Lord Rosebery: His Life and Speeches." By Thomas F. G. Coates. With two photographs and sixteen portraits and illustrations. In two volumes. (Hutchinson and Co.)

delivered, have little more than an ephemeral interest, but it is curious in looking over these volumes to note again the various topics in which Lord Rosebery has been keenly interested, as, for instance, his strong agitation against the House of Lords, which he wished to reform itself from within instead of waiting to be more drastically reformed from without. Who at the present moment ever troubles to think about the question of reforming that august body? We have many more important matters in hand. At the time, of course, it struck the many as humorous that one of the number should call out for reform, but of Lord Rosebery it has been recorded that he told Mr. Gladstone he would gladly give up his peerage for a seat in the House of Commons. Occasionally, too, you get a very personal touch, as, when speaking at Battersea at the opening of the new municipal buildings, he took occasion to deplore the fact that the privacy of the individual was disappearing.

I take it that no man can act in a public position without feeling that his life has ceased to be his own. That, no doubt, has always, to some extent, been the case with all public men. But they had some private life. When I read the case with all public men. But they had some private life. When I read the newspapers it seems to me that the private life of a public man has ceased to exist. I seem to know everything that Mr. Gladstone does, from the moment he rises in the morning to the moment he goes to bed at night. I take it that if any man of equal eminence should arise, he would have to divulge every act of his life to the prying gaze of publicity. Is this entirely a good thing? Have men who work for the public no right to retirement and repose? Have they not a right to meditate, which they can hardly do in public, more especially when their meditations may be supposed to be on behalf of the public? I do not know where you are to localise the sort of literature to which I allude—the literature which makes common the life of every man, and which is only the supply to meet an irresistible demand. But I do hope that those who find any fascination in it will offer a grain of sympathy to the subjects of that literature.

It would never occur to many that Lord Rosebery's privacy has

been much intruded upon. He meditates, presumably on behalf of the public, for years, and herculean efforts fail to elicit in that direction his meditations are trending. Even when he breaks silence he is oracular rather than explicit, and meanwhile the political arena waits. Nevertheless, one day Lord Rosebery, tired of sitting in his study analysing political emotions, but of that day comes will he still say—

We retract none of our pledges. We stand committed as we have stood committed to our pledges. We have still on our banner the constant of an Irish Legislature for distinctively Irish affairs, maintaining absolute Imperial supremacy control. We stand pledged, as ever, to the disament of those two National Churches which have ceased to be national stand pledged, as ever, to the struggle with the liquor ring; we stand as ever, to what I see the Primrose League manifesto calls a Socialist vote, but what I call a measure of bare and simple justice, the question of one vote.

Of Lord Rosebery's later speeches none, perhaps, struck a note than that delivered at Bath after the outbreak of war, when he exhorted one and all to put aside polemics and, in the words of Chatham, "Be one people, forget everything for the public." The whole of that speech is the statesman at his best, the strong as one would like to think him, of the Liberal Party. The side of this picture shows the Rosebery of the familiar "My Hedworth" letter, explaining that the present Government "strong only in votes; in other respects it is the weakest I recollect," and one wonders whether, with his able and trained logical mind, he would honestly like to see this "Government's place taken by a coalition of shreds and patches an amorphous Party incapable of even simulating unanimity by half a dozen leaders in different directions.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. DENNETT

A Correspondent writes from Johannesburg:—"Since this town has been occupied by British troops, sentries have been posted at all street corners. The scene in the photograph shows the guard at Robinson's Bank Corner, near the Exchange, preparing dinner and reading."

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF JOHANNESBURG: DINNER TIME

RUSSELL has much pleasure in calling attention to the following Press Notices that have recently been published in the leading newspapers. The notices of the journals containing the Original and many hundred others, are on view at the House.

**SLANDER ON FAT PEOPLE.
OBESITY IS NOT THE
RESULT OF GLUTTONY.**

OBESITY BE REMOVED?

At a time that the old and false idea that corpulency is a thing to be endured cannot be banished without danger to health should be got rid of once for all, it is the idea for which some of the most famous and humorous painters are partially responsible, that too much rotundity of figure adds to the dignity of the person or the cheerfulness of his owner. These very practical notions are suggested by the perusal of an interesting volume (256 pages) which has been written and most suggestively little titled "Corpulency and the Cure." This is the eighteenth edition, and the reason of this is not far to seek. Its author, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford London, W.C. (who will send a copy to any who enclose 6d. in stamps), has devised a treatment which he clearly describes, in fact, the actual formula of the remedy is given. A work of this sort is naturally largely recommended by persons who are afflicted by its treatment to others who are afflicted by adiposity. Mr. Russell asks all who experiment with his remedy to weigh carefully every day. For the results he refers to the fancied feelings of the patients, who had testimony of scales and weights, and not be suspected of any prejudice in Mr. Russell's system. Such tests show, in fact, the loss of from 1 lb. to 2 lb. per day, the remedy begins to be used. This is a harmless decoction, prepared from a which one can find in the rural lane. — *the Daily News*, June 15, 1900.

Marvellous Results in Curing Corpulency by the "RUSSELL" TREATMENT.

"Corpulency and the Cure."—This is the title of an interesting volume (256 pages) which has been written by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C., and it deals in a common-sense fashion with a subject which is of considerable moment to a large number of people. Mr. Russell has devoted more study than perhaps any other medical expert to the question of obesity, and his unique experience in the treatment of the thousands of cases that have come under his care has conclusively shown him the falsity of the idea that excessive corpulency is a thing that must be endured because it cannot be banished without danger to the general health. He has proved that quite the contrary is the case, and the hundreds of testimonials which are given in the book constitute an unanswerable testimony to the efficacy of his remedy. Mr. Russell handles his subject with the skill of a master, but withal he uses such simple language that all may understand, and his book is full of useful information. He points out that in most of the so-called remedies for adiposity the administration of deleterious compounds is advocated, or that adherence to some more or less objectionable or stringent forms of dietary or abstinence is insisted upon. Having given the subject constant attention for many years, Mr. Russell has succeeded in producing an infallible and perfectly safe preparation which is guaranteed to be perfectly harmless, while he claims that it reduces superfluous fat to such an unerring manner that 24 hours is usually sufficient time to test its efficacy by stepping on a weighing machine. In short, the advantages of Mr. Russell's method may thus be summed up: It does not demand those semi-starvation diets which are so weakening to the system; it is most efficacious in reducing fat without injury; and it aims at the radical cure of obesity, so that when persons under treatment have returned to their normal weight the incubus of corpulency has turned. Moreover, the treatment is an extremely pleasant one. The medicine which is used is an agreeable, refreshing, cooling, invigorating tonic, and allays thirst in a marvellous manner. It is purely vegetable, contains no poison, and has a beneficial effect on the most delicate subject, even the most objectionable of any kind, and is neither constipating, weak-kneed, nor sickly. It is a fact that Mr. Russell's book has reached its eighteenth edition, and is certainly well worth reading. It is obtained by sending six penny stamps to the address above. Amongst the numerous testimonials which Mr. Russell is daily receiving, may be made of one from Mr. F. Upton, of London, who says: "I have over 100 persons here on treatment, and, without one single exception, with most satisfactory results." This is a marvellous fact. — Extract from *The Bristol Times*, June 16, 1900.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Readers of *The Graphic* suffering from Obesity, will be pleased to forward, post free, his book, **CORPULENCY AND THE CURE**, 6 pages, in a sealed plain envelope, to all forwarding 6d. in stamps to Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.

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Our Portraits

SIR HENRY WENTWORTH DYKE ACLAND, BART., the fourth son of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, was born in 1815. He was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church. His studies at Oxford were interrupted by bad health, so that before taking his B.A. degree he was obliged to spend nearly two years in the Mediterranean on board a man-of-war. After leaving Oxford he began to study for the medical profession at St. George's Hospital and in Edinburgh. In London he came under the influence of Owen, who was then lecturing on Comparative Anatomy; and this influence, no doubt, greatly determined the course of his future career. In 1841 he was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls', and in 1845 was appointed Lee's Reader in Anatomy at Oxford. On starting his work in connection with the Readership, Acland found that there was in the University absolutely no provision for teaching biological science. To remedy this state of things he gave his whole attention, and at once began to put together an anatomical and physiological museum on the plan of that of John Hunter, which was then under the care of his teacher, Richard Owen. In 1858 Dr. Acland was put into a better position to carry on the work he had begun by his appointment to the Regius Professorship of Medicine. In the same year he was also made Radcliffe Librarian, this latter appointment gave him full opportunity of developing the library and of making it useful to all the departments in the museum. In 1846 Dr. Acland married Sarah Cotton, the eldest daughter of William and Sarah Cotton, of Walwood, Leytonstone. Dr. Acland took a very

warm interest in all matters relating to sanitary science. During the cholera epidemic of 1854 he was indefatigable in his attention to those who were smitten with the disease, and afterwards he published a very valuable memoir on the epidemic. In 1860 Dr. Acland went with the Prince of Wales to America as medical attendant, and on his return was made Honorary Physician to the Prince. Dr. Acland was made a C.B. in 1883, K.C.B. in 1884, and had a baronetcy conferred on him in 1890. He held many honorary degrees, and was also a Knight of the Order of the Rose of Brazil. Sir Henry took no part in local politics until the Home Rule question was adopted by the Liberal party. Then he felt it his duty, although he had been a life-long friend of Mr. Gladstone, to protest publicly against the Irish policy, and from that time he regularly supported the Unionist candidates for the city of Oxford. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Colonel Harrington Astley Trevelyan was one of the few survivors of the Light Cavalry Brigade which made the famous charge at Balaclava, where he was severely wounded, and he was also present at the Alma and the siege of Sebastopol. His promotion was extremely rapid, as he obtained his captaincy at the age of nineteen years, and his twenty-fifth year found him Colonel of the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars. For his services he was awarded the medal with three clasps, the Turkish War and 5th Medjidie medal. Colonel Trevelyan was the son of General Willoughby Trevelyan, Glenfargie, Perthshire, and belonged to the Cornish branch of that family. Our portrait is by Taber, San Francisco.

Mr. Robert Beatty de Courcy, B.A., who died of typhoid in the hospital, Tientsin, at the age of twenty-five, entered service of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs in Feb. 1899, after a distinguished course in Trinity College, Dublin. He was appointed Professor of English in the Imperial College, Peking. His recent appointment as honorary secretary of the Oriental Club was a mark of the appreciation in which he was held. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Edward de Courcy, Arklow. Our portrait is by Lee, Portrush.

General Sir Anthony Blaxland Stransham was ninety-four years of age at the time of his death. He was the senior officer of the Royal Marine forces, and one of the few survivors of the battle of Navarino, which took place more than seventy years ago. He was a native of Norfolk, a son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Anthony Stransham, and received his first commission in the Royal Marines in 1823. In the Chinese Campaign of 1840-41 he commanded the Royal Marines at the storming of the Whampoo batteries and the capture of a number of other strongly fortified positions. In one of these engagements he was severely wounded. For his services he was mentioned in despatches, and received the Brevet rank of major. Shortly before the outbreak of the Crimean War he was promoted lieutenant-colonel, and in 1854 took part in the Balaklava Expedition. Subsequently, after serving as Inspector-General of the Royal Marine forces from 1862 to 1867, he was created a K.C.B., receiving the Grand Cross of the Order on the occasion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

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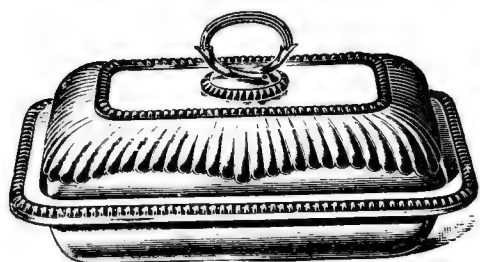
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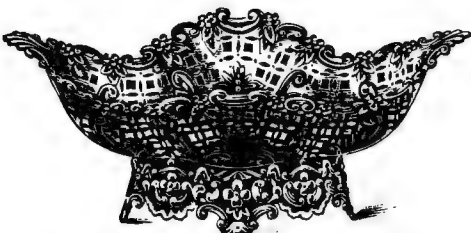


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"CUNNING MURRELL"

Mr. Arthur Morrison seems, in the dedication of his "Cunning Murrell" (Methuen and Co.), to question his readers' readiness to believe that parts of Essex, in the fifties of the nineteenth century, were still practically in the middle of the eighteenth; that smuggling in the old style was still in those same parts a popularly recognised business, and wizardry a respected and lucrative profession. He takes occasion to note that "a man was swum for a witch (and died of it) in this same county ten years after the period of the tale." His sceptics, we fancy, will not be numerous among persons acquainted with the inside of rural life in regions even less remote than Hadleigh, and at periods much less distant than the Crimean War. "Cunning Murrell" himself, who appears to have had an

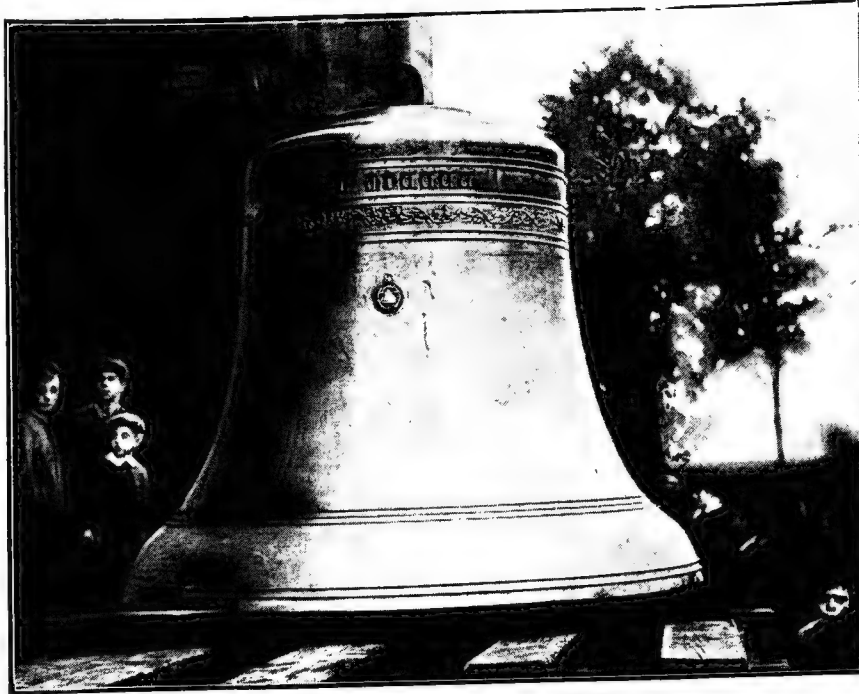
actual prototype, provides an interesting study—a charlatan with a more than half self-belief, even when he has insured the success of a spell by natural means, and valuing his reputation for the sake rather of its prestige than of its profits. His likeness in higher and better educated circles is by no means unknown; but Murrell has this superiority over the Sludges and such-like that he is never vulgar, and could not be commonplace if he tried. The surrounding rustics, their talk, and their characteristic ways of regarding a world where they lagged any number of generations behind, are delightfully rendered. No doubt Mr. Morrison has made the most of his materials: his is the skill to see much where most people would see but little and many would see nothing. He is essentially a master of the art of colour: and in the present case

great-grandchildren over Bluebeard, is to be obtained from Warden's "The Love that Lasts" (Ward, Lock and Co.). The and Creeps are her forte, and she has provided them with profusion which even she herself will find difficult to outdo.

"FITZJAMES"

"Fitzjames," by Lilian Street (Methuen and Co.), is the plain and brightly written little story of a poet, with Royal blood in his veins, before whose charm ladies can only be compared to his. The point of the plot is the conduct of the very nicest of his who, out of pique, falsely accuses herself of a particularly slander—a piece of idiocy happily counteracted by the evidence of an elderly valet who has Shakespeare at the tips of his fingers.

Possibly it is this that accounts for his monopoly of brains. Perhaps the best thing that can be said of the story is that it is new. And that is by no means a tall best to say.



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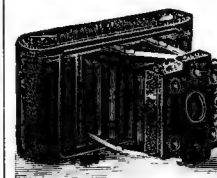
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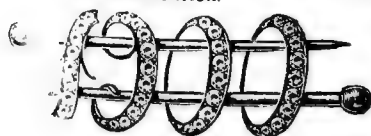


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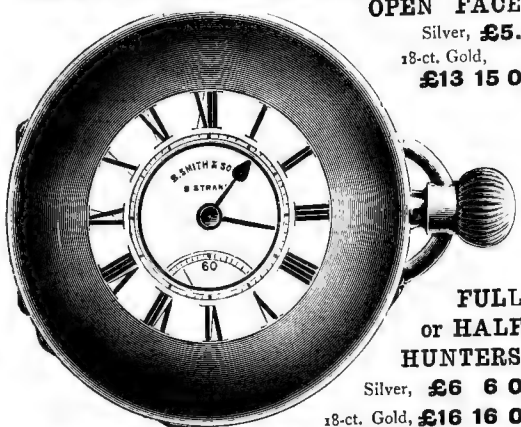
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Music of the Week

THE musical season has now regularly begun, and although down to Christmas concerts are not likely to be quite so numerous as usual, they promise, nevertheless, to be quite as interesting. On Thursday, at the Albert Hall, Madame Patti was announced to make her only appearance in London this season; and the performance was practically the commencement of a provincial tour, under the management of Mr. Percy Harrison, of this opening that gentleman's concert season in ten of the principal cities of Great Britain. Madame Albani, with a concert party, started a provincial tour at Manchester last Monday, and she will visit London with her party next Saturday, the 27th. Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford last Saturday made their first appearance in London since their marriage. This also was preliminary to a provincial tour, which commenced at Bournemouth on Monday. The Crystal Palace Concerts started last Saturday. Next Tuesday Madame Brenna will give her first Recital, introducing Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben," and likewise singing for the first time in London Mr. Coleridge Taylor's song cycle, "The Soul's Expression," written expressly for her and for the recent Hereford Musical Festival. Herr Reisenauer, who is now one of the chief professors of the piano at the Leipsic Conservatoire, started the Recital season at St. James's Hall on Thursday of this week, while Saturday week will see the commencement of Mr. Robert Newman's Symphony Concerts at Queen's Hall, where, however, the Promenade Concerts will continue until the 10th prox. On November 3 the thirty-fifth season of the London Ballad Concerts will start at Queen's Hall, and the Saturday Popular Concert Season will begin at St. James's Hall. So far as the Saturday "Pops" are concerned, the Quartet will be led by various artists until Christmas, after which M. Ysaye's Quartet Party from Brussels will play at every concert until Easter. Lady Hallé, who is now taking her farewell of the provinces, will after all play at two of the Popular Concerts next month. This distinguished artist will, of course, take a regular farewell of London before she retires into private life.

At the Crystal Palace the experiment is being tried of engaging special orchestras, instead of relying upon the Crystal Palace band, which, since the permanent orchestra was disbanded in the early summer, may be considered to be practically non-existent. At the opening concert of the season on Saturday, Mr. Robert Newman's orchestra from Queen's Hall was conducted by Mr. Wood, who, however, relied upon a thoroughly familiar programme, including Tschaiowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique" and "Nutcracker" Suite, both of which were admirably rendered. Madame Blanche Marchesi, who sang Beethoven's "Ah Perfido" very dramatically, was the vocalist, and Miss Adela Verne was the pianist. This (Saturday) afternoon Mr. Wood's orchestra will again take part, but on the following Saturday the old members of the Crystal Palace band will reassemble for the first of a couple of concerts under the conductorship of Mr. Manns. Mr. August Manns, by the way, has likewise agreed to be conductor of a new Amateur Orchestral Society which is being formed at the Crystal Palace by amateurs of the neighbourhood, and which promises to enjoy a useful future.

The chief items of interest at Madame Clara Butt's concert at St. James's Hall on Saturday were two new songs by Sir Arthur



Over the entrance to the house the Transvaal and Free State flags flew during Mr. Kruger's stay there. The flag lower down on the right is Dutch. Our photograph is by H. Ratcliffe

MR. CONSUL POTT'S HOUSE AT LOURENCO MARQUES, WHERE MR. KRUGER STAYED

Sullivan and a new duet, "Nights of Music," set to Moore's words by Mr. Cowen. They are both set to Lord Tennyson's lines, namely, "Tears, Idle Tears," and "O Swallow, Swallow," the latter proving most to the taste of the audience. Both were very well sung by Mr. Rumford.

At the Promenade Concerts we have had a few additions to the repertory, the most important being the Suite "Namouna," the music of which is taken from a Ballet which was one of the last works of Edouard Lalo, who died in 1892. The suite consists of five movements, including an effective Moorish dance, a Mazurka, a slow movement entitled "La Siesta" (a delightful little number), a Pas de Cymbales (otherwise a slow waltz, with here and there a touch of the cymbals), and a bright finale.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's new Irish opera is now in full rehearsal at

the Savoy. It is not improbable that when this work is produced Sir Arthur may turn his attention to a serious opera, the first he has written since "Ivanhoe." The work, should Sir Arthur eventually decide to undertake it, will be to a libretto by M. Armand Silvestre, and it is primarily intended for the Opera House at Monte Carlo.

Dr. Villiers Stanford has finished a new opera on the subject of "Much Ado About Nothing." It will probably be produced at Covent Garden in the course of the coming season. At Covent Garden, also, there is every prospect at last of hearing the late M. Reyer's "Salambo," a work written about nine years ago, and based upon Flamarion's novel. The only opera of Reyer's known here is "Sigurd," which was produced at Covent Garden about twenty years ago without great success.



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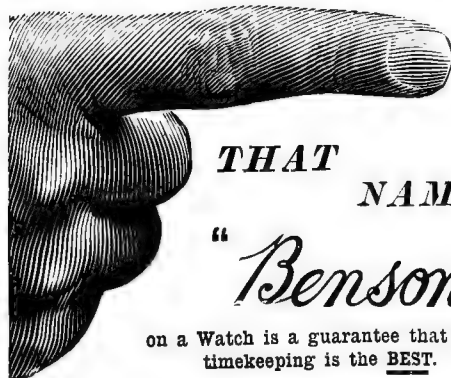
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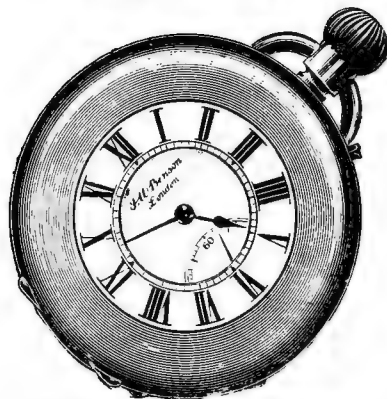
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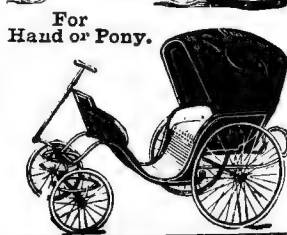
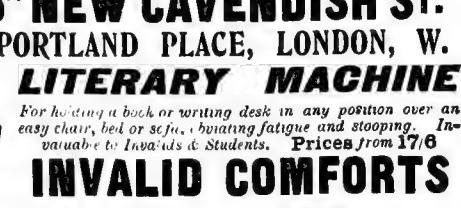
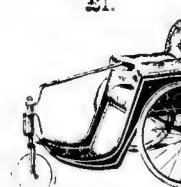
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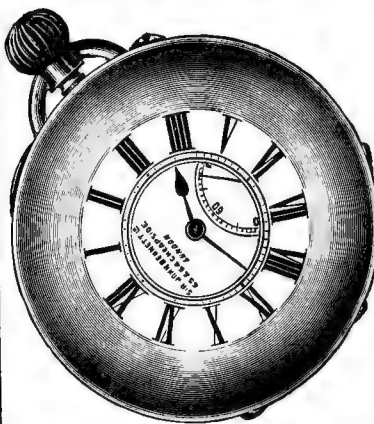
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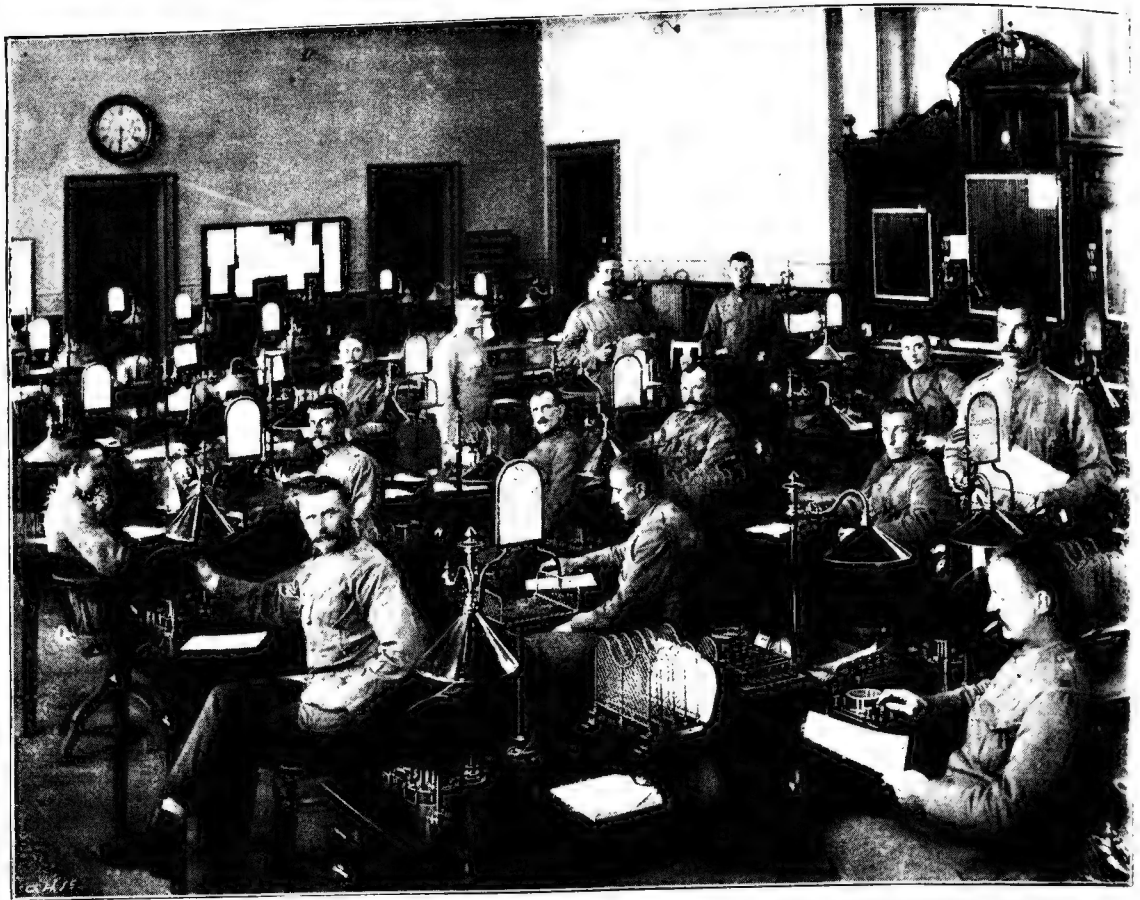
Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE autumn is with us at last. There was a bleak and bitter spell laid on five days in early August, one of them the Bank Holiday, and again, towards the end of the same month, there was intercalated a week of pure autumn with cool grey mists over the morning meadows, and clear light, but no heat in the sun, at mid-day. But September was in many respects a summer rather than an autumn month, and the first nine days of October achieved a record of mean high temperature for the time of year. Not that 1859's October maximum of 81 deg. in the shade on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd was at all rivalled, for 75 deg. was the highest (on the 8th and 9th) at the warmest station, and 72 deg. (on the 8th) was the highest that we ourselves recorded. But in the mean temperature of the month's first nine days, or 216 hours, the record was beaten. Since the 10th the night frosts have put a different touch on the year, and in the brilliant sunshine of the 12th there was still an underfeeling of crisp cold in the air itself, though the sun's rays were by no means lacking in power. Fires have scarcely been commenced in earnest, for the summer warmth lingers indoors, in the furniture and carpets, in the house atmosphere. But the houses where gas is not used begin to "strike cold" of an evening, and in country places where a marsh or a moor is near there has sometimes been a thin film of ice on the pools at dawn. The weather has favoured the work of the flail and of its more modern equivalent, but the wisest farmer is he who lets a month of cool to frosty weather pass and the sharp air circulate round his stacks before he has them threshed. A good area of land has been sown to wheat, and the planting of trees in the garden and coppice has commenced. Bulbs, of course, are being planted, and to secure a succession of flowers in the spring there should be regular weekly plantings from mid-September to the end of the present month.

THE LATER CROPS

The potato crop is of much importance, but it is so gradually secured, straggles over so many weeks, as it were, that estimates of the total yield are seldom put forward at any given date or in that succinct form customary when we are speaking of the cereals. The leading journal, however, has grappled with the difficulty, and, two months in advance of the Government returns, which appear in December, has collected statistics which tend to show that where an average crop is 1,000 that of 1900 is 828. The crop of 1899 is given by comparison at 853. We fancy that both these estimates are low, but that this year's yield is rather smaller than that of last season is generally conceded. With respect to the root crops there is little or no doubt that this year's yields are above the average of swedes and mangolds, while turnips, though very irregular, are often a suprisingly good yield considering the small rainfall in July and September. It is probable that the fine start secured in June has had much to do with the abundance of roots, and the August rains, if rather a hindrance to corn harvest, turned an average



This illustration shows the telegraph staff furnished by the Royal Engineers for the General Post Office at Johannesburg. The staff is under the command of Sergeant-Major Devonshire. Our photograph is by Marcus Bennett.

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF JOHANNESBURG: THE TELEGRAPHIC STAFF

promise into plenty. The owners of live stock are naturally rejoicing, and through the good fortune of the flocks and herds mankind will, in due course, benefit also.

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distinguished, on the one hand, from the great landowners on the one side and the peasant and crofter types on the other. It is a great gain to Parliament when men who can speak with authority for a large but for the most part unrepresented class obtain a seat in the House. The Conservatives "ran" Mr. Spear against the young son of a peer, who was, moreover, backed by the great landowning house of Luttrell. The policy was spirited and successful, but we should be glad to see both parties arrange to give certain interests representation in Parliament by means of what are known as "safe seats." The Kent and Sussex seats, for example, are Conservative

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See that the label
bears the words
LAZENBY'S SAUCE
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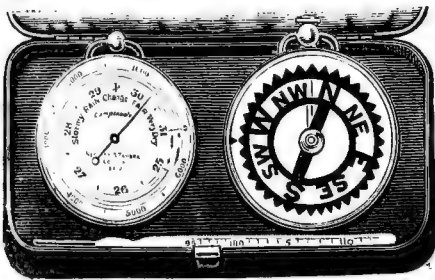
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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER,
In Glass Jars, Price 1s.

by colossal majorities. Why should not, at least, one of them be given to a *land* tenant-farmer? Liberalism in turn controls at least one seat in Cornwall and at least three in Norfolk by an overwhelming preponderance. The whole four are absolutely agricultural, and it seems a pity that they are not given to Liberal agriculturalists, who could not afford to contest "close" elections needing a large outlay. Mr. Arch's old seat might surely have been given, if not to an agricultural labourer, at all events to a candidate of rural and not of purely industrial connections.

THE COST OF THRESHING

Recent inquiries have shown that the cost nowadays should not exceed 2s. per quarter for wheat and 1s. 2d. for oats, the weight of wheat threshed for twenty-four pence being 480 lb. and of oats for fourteen pence 312 lb. The work must, of course, be done fairly wholesale; we are not asserting that a quantity of 20 lb. weight

of wheat can be threshed for a penny. Damp and mouldy sheaves cause much delay and interfere with the machinery, so that the present season in its remarkable freedom from these drawbacks has been favourable alike to farmers and to owners of threshing machines. The two are seldom one, for while there are a good many rich landowners who have their own machinery the average tenant-farmer does not care to incur the initial outlay. The machines are either farmed out by their makers or by middlemen, and while at first we used to think this a pity, observation has convinced us that the machines are kept in much better order under the hiring system and are worked much cleaner. The type of men sent out with the machines is far higher in intelligence, is far better paid and more contented than that of the average labourer on the farm.

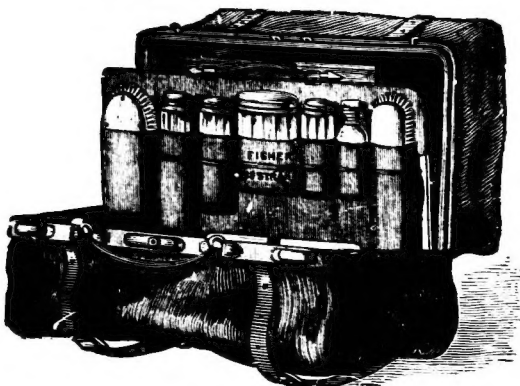
THE RISE IN PRICES

Now that commodities are rising in price the farmers, who ever

since the black year of 1879 have been refusing to take leases, and finding themselves in a difficulty. The new century has begun a movement towards a recovery in rents for grain. The decline from 1879 to 1899 was at least twenty per cent. The twenty years, but the owners would not have obtained even forty per cent. reduction in order to secure a safe and the old-fashioned twenty-one years' lease. That farmers have wonderfully united in refusing to take leases, and some of the losses submitted to by nervous owners whose fear of a price depression appears to be at an end the owners are not being tied. A class who will also benefit are those who have raised money on real estate. The interest in gold is a fixed amount, while the return, whether in the produce or the absolute rent, will rise.

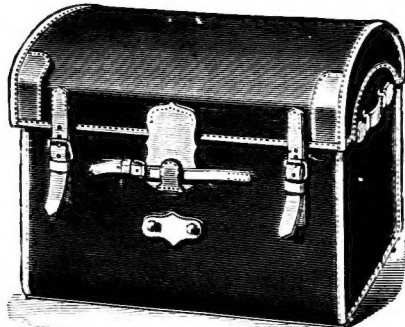
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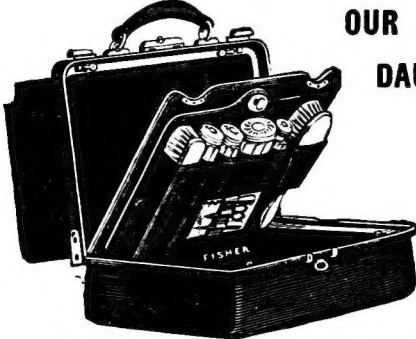
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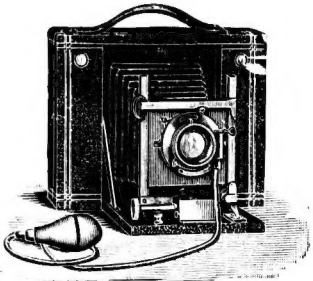
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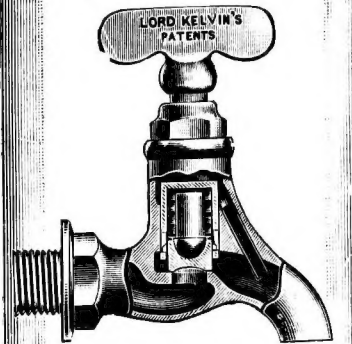
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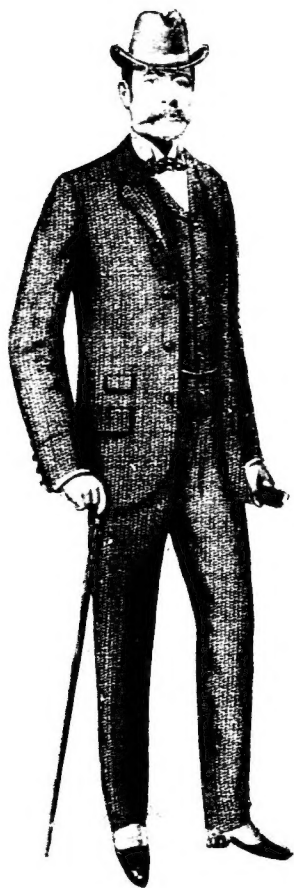
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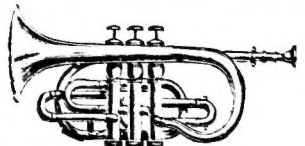
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